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THE "P.I.P." WAR CHRONICLE BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER.

THE WAR

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FROM
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"P.I.P." Chronicle
OF THE
War Between
SPAIN and
AMERICA.

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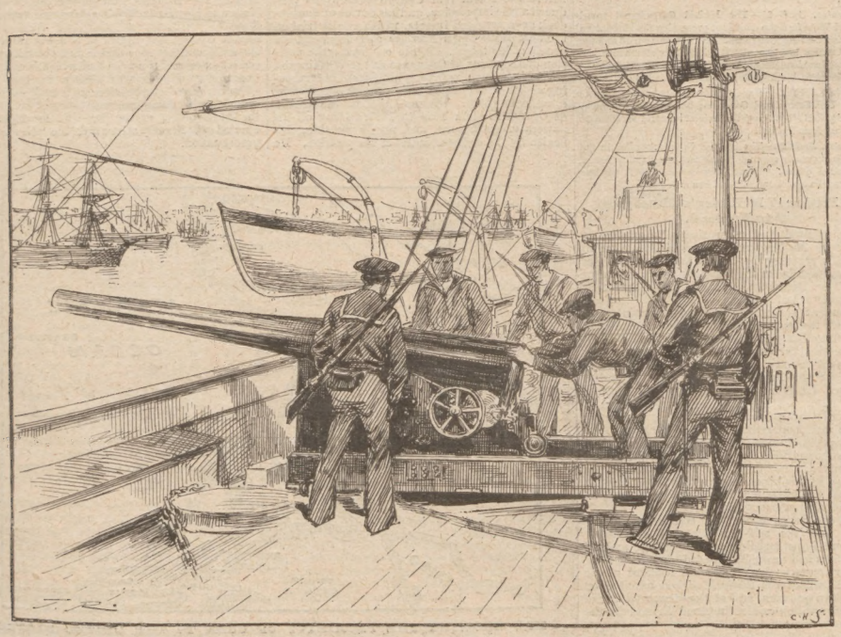
AMERICAN BLUEJACKETS AT CUTLASS DRILL ON BOARD THE "CHICAGO."



SPANISH TARS AT BIG GUN DRILL ON BOARD A WAR-SHIP.

THE U.S. FLEET.

SPANISH FLEET.

General Grant's Plan.

HAVANA HARBOUR.

MAP OF CUBA.

General Miles.

Admiral Sampson.

See This Week's "P.I.P."

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Letting the Cat Out of the Bag.—Little Dick: "I'm awful glad you is engaged to sister Nellie now." Mr. Nicefellow: "I feel quite grateful to hear you say that, Dick." "Yes, you always brings her toffee, and she gives me some, and it's the kind I like, too." "You have a choice, then?" "Oh, yes. You see all the others brought chocolate—and I don't like chocolate."

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To Correspondents.

ALL Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to "The EDITOR of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER," and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

OUR CHRONICLE OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

THE praiseworthy efforts of President McKinley to maintain peace with Spain were in vain. Public excitement in both countries over the deplorable Cuban trouble hastened the commencement of hostilities. On the one hand, the American Naval Committee's judgment that the calamitous explosion on board the U.S. *Maine* in Havana Harbour was occasioned "by some external force" undoubtedly angered our American brethren to a war-like pitch, and stimulated the Senate and Congress to demand the Spanish evacuation of Cuba. On the other hand, the Spanish Government, disclaiming knowledge of or complicity with any plot to sink the *Maine*, proud of her historic connection with Cuba, which she was the first to discover, and stung likewise, mayhap, by the impotence of her Generals and troops to suppress the rising in the "Pearl of the Antilles," not unnaturally resented the President's Ultimatum. And there has suddenly sprung upon the world a War, which the Pope and the European Powers, to their honour, be it said, strove to avert.

The Diary of Diplomatic Events

may here be set down—

Tuesday, April 19.—Both Houses at Washington passed this amended resolution—

Whereas the abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, and have been a disgrace to Christian civilisation, and culminating as they have in the destruction of a United States battle-ship, with 266 of its officers and crew, while on a friendly visit to the harbour of Havana, cannot longer be endured, as has been set forth by the President of the United States in his Message to Congress on April 11, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was requested. It is, therefore, resolved—

1. That the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

2. That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the Government of the United States does hereby demand, that the Government of Spain shall at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

3. That the President of the United States be, and hereby is, directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the States to such an extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

4. That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over the said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

Wednesday, April 20.—President McKinley cabled the above Ultimatum to General Woodford to present to the Spanish Government. The Spanish Ambassador at Washington, Senor Polo de Bernabe, asked for his passports, and left the capital. The Queen of Spain was enthusiastically cheered in opening the Cortes with a patriotic speech.

Thursday, April 21.—The Madrid Government saved General Woodford the trouble of presenting the Ultimatum by saying that diplomatic relations between Spain and the United States had ceased. His Excellency forthwith left Spain. President McKinley's Cabinet ordered the Key West Fleet to blockade the Cuban ports.

Monday, April 25.—War formally declared against Spain by the U.S. Senate and Congress; but the Bill was antedated April 21, that being the date of General Woodford's departure from Madrid.

Tuesday, April 26.—The Spanish Premier replied in the Cortes in a greatly cheered speech resenting the action of the United States. "Spain may be vanquished, but she will never be dishonoured," said Senor Sagasta.

President McKinley's Message to England.

The spirited and enterprising Proprietors of the *Daily Mail* scored a journalistic triumph indeed in securing for one of their Special War Correspondents the high honour of an interview with the President of the United States at Washington last Saturday—

President McKinley, by special appointment, received the correspondent of the *Daily Mail* at the White House this afternoon at one o'clock. This marked favour was in itself a sign of kindly sentiment towards all things British in these times, for the President is just now the busiest of men. He is absolutely Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, just as he is the head of the Civil Government. In directing personally all the varied operations even his sleeping hours are encroached upon. But despite the exactions imposed upon him by the gigantic task he has undertaken, the first impression received on meeting him is his seeming strength. Save for, perhaps, a slightly heightened pallor, there is no physical sign of overwork.

His eye is as clear, his comprehension as quick, and his self-possession as completely cool and imperturbable as though war and all operations had never been heard of. . . .

Your correspondent told the President of the attitude which the *Daily Mail* had adopted on the Cuban question, and of the strong feeling of sympathy which existed in Great Britain for the American cause.

There was no doubt whatever of the pleasure with which Mr. McKinley followed all I said, and, as an American citizen, he assured me repeatedly of his intense satisfaction that the sympathy of the mother country was with his Government in the present crisis.

When I asked for some message from him in his official capacity to the people of Britain, he thought for a moment and then directed me to say—

> "Not the Government alone, but the whole nation feels most deeply the goodwill sent them across the sea."

Then he added impressively—

> "Nor will they forget."

President McKinley, who was most gracious and courteous throughout, then wished me "Good-bye" and "God-speed."

Admiral Sampson, the Quiet Nelson of the American Fleet.

In the tall, thoughtful, grey-bearded, middle-aged chief of the United States Fleet off Cuba, Columbia has a splendid leader. Captain and Acting Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson is an entirely self-made man, his father having been

MAJOR-GENERAL N. A. MILES, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF UNITED STATES ARMY.

a labourer. He was born in 1840, and his education, so far as attendance at school was concerned, was of an intermittent character. He studied, however, at odd times, and at seventeen was appointed a midshipman in the United States Naval Academy through the influence of a member of Congress. He graduated first in his class at Annapolis just before the War, in which he saw some service.

As executive officer on the ironclad *Patapsco*, he was ordered to enter Charleston Harbour to destroy the submarine mines. The vessel was blown up while doing her work, and Lieutenant Sampson was picked up about 100 ft. from the wreck, having been blown there. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Captain Sampson was appointed president of the court of inquiry into the *Maine* disaster.

Besides a long term of sea service, he has done good work ashore. His lectures on torpedo work before the Naval War College at Newport produced a fine impression, and his device of double-deck or superposed turrets, which awaits trial on the new battle-ships *Kearsage* and *Kentucky*, are proofs of his talent. While occupying the position of Inspector of Ordnance at the Washington Navy Yard, for three years, he assisted in furthering construction of the magnificent gun factory established there. He was Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance from 1893 to 1897, testing all his powers of endurance, and nearly wrecking his health by the arduous duties of the position. He is unquestionably the right man in the right place as chief Admiral of the Blockading Fleet off Cuba.

How the U.S. Ships Chased an Italian Man-of-War off Cuba.

An animated despatch came from Reuter's Special Correspondent on board Rear-Admiral Sampson's Flag-ship, *New York*, dated April 23, 2 p.m.—

At ten o'clock this morning the monitor *Puritan*, the cruiser *Cincinnati*, the gun-boats *Machias*, *Nashville*, *Castine*, and *Newport*, and the torpedo-boats *Foote* and *Winslow* left the Squadron to blockade Matanzas, Muriel, and Cardenas. They formed separate divisions. After they had passed out of sight the remainder of the fleet took up regular formation. They drifted fifteen miles from Morro Castle, and a general advance was then made at half speed.

Captain Bob Evans, who was not quite certain of the position he was entitled to take with the *Iowa*, came abreast of the flag-ship and shouted through the megaphone—

"How near may I go?"

Rear-Admiral Sampson, standing on the after-bridge, replied, "As near as you can without drawing the fire of the batteries."

"All right!" Captain Evans shouted back in tones which expressed the keenest disappointment.

The *Iowa* then went ahead. About half an hour after the squadron was well under weigh, the cruiser *Cincinnati* was seen on the eastern horizon, smoke pouring from her funnels. As she had been heading for Matanzas, it was evident that she had turned back to chase some vessel.

The object of the pursuit was soon made out to be a war-ship standing well in towards the coast. The flag-ship *New York*, the cruiser *Marblehead*, and the gun-boat *Wilmington* immediately turned out of their course to head the war-ship off, the remainder of the squadron proceeding westward. It was impossible to establish the stranger's identity, but she was thought to be the *Vizcaya* or *Oquendo* heading for Havana.

The most intense excitement prevailed on board the *New York* and on the other vessels of the Squadron. The men at the guns shouted with glee, while the stokers off duty below cheered vociferously, and begged to be allowed to go on deck to shoot at the first armed enemy to be encountered. The officers crowded the quarter-deck as elated as the men, though under better control. The bugler blew to general quarters, and all hands flew to their posts.

Admiral Sampson, standing on the bridge, said deliberately to Captain Chadwick—

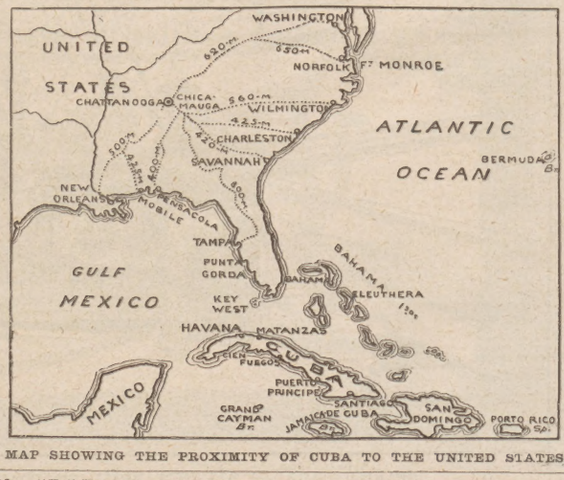
"Yes, it is the *Oquendo* or *Vizcaya*," adding, "I should like to bag them both."

It was then seen that the chase was flying the Italian flag. A few minutes later, when about 1500 yards separated the *New York* from her target, the American flag was run up on the war-ship, and a puff of smoke issued from her side, and the boom of a gun sounded across the waters.

Many on board the flag-ship still thought the vessel might prove to be an enemy's ship, but the sound of the fifteen guns with which she saluted the American flag soon undeceived them. The *New York* returned the salute, and in her turn flew the Italian flag. The stranger proved to be the Italian cruiser *Giovani Bausan*. Without further formalities she continued her course, and entered Havana Harbour.

U.S. War-ships Suddenly Despatched from Hampton Roads.

Quite reminiscent of Byron's eloquent description of the Brussels Ball on the eve of Quatre Bras was the *Daily Mail's* cablegram from Fort Monroe (Virginia) at noon last Sunday: At eleven o'clock last night, in a heavy rainstorm, the swift cruisers *Minneapolis* and *Columbia* put to sea on an errand the nature of which is unknown. Commodore Schley was dining in the Hôtel Chamberlain when the telegram from Washington ordering the departure was brought to him by the junior officer of the flag-ship *Brooklyn*. He hurried off. Shortly afterwards the "all aboard" gun sounded.



MAP SHOWING THE PROXIMITY OF CUBA TO THE UNITED STATES.

If you wish to be UP-TO-DATE, then buy the "P.I.P." through NINETY-EIGHT.

The Ball-Room in the Hotel

was crowded with dancers, among whom were many of the junior officers. Other officers were lounging on the verandahs of the hotel, gossiping and smoking. The whole aspect ashore was one of social gaiety.

Out in the river the signal-lights were seen flashing among the vessels of the Flying Squadron, and it became known that orders had been received for the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis* to sail in an hour. The wharf became packed with men and women, though the gale from the north-west and the rainstorm beat down, to see the officers leave for the ships.

Commodore Schley,

just before leaving, said in reply to the *Daily Mail's* correspondent, "It is impossible for me to divulge the destination of the vessels. The Washington orders commanded the greatest

COMMODORE SCHLEY.

haste, and the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis* were detached because they are the swiftest cruisers."

The most generally believed rumour at Fort Monroe was that the cruisers were despatched to meet the *Paris* and convoy her into port.

Commodore Schley, whose portrait is given in company with Admiral Sampson's likeness, though the junior in his grade, has proved himself a thoroughly good naval Commander, and may have given proofs of his skill ere these lines are read.

Major-General Miles

is a military Commander whose ability and mental and physical qualifications for his arduous office may be read in his determined features. In him President McKinley has a thoroughly trusty and masterly Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, which Congress has just strengthened by the addition of 150,000 Volunteers—no inconsiderable accession to the labours and responsibilities of the military leaders. It was in the Civil War that General Miles won his spurs. He began his Army career as a smart and active Captain of Massachusetts Volunteers; and became a Colonel within a year. He fought bravely. A Major-General at the close of the "little unpleasantness," he subsequently entered the U.S. Army as an infantry Colonel, and did good service in subduing the Indians who were the plague of the Western States. Major-General Miles is, in fine, one of the best military leaders the United States could have found just now.

General Grant's Plan for the Capture of Havana.

The late President, General U. S. Grant, in a letter to his friend General Badena, fifteen years ago, thus foreshadowed how the capital of Cuba could be taken—

"New York City, April 30, 1883.

"Dear Badena,—I beg your pardon for not answering your letter requesting my views about the capabilities of the defences of the harbour of Havana to resist our Navy. I supposed I had answered it, but your last letter reminds me that I have not. On my visit to Havana, three years ago, I had the opportunity of seeing the forts and armament. Both are formidable, and, with additions that could easily be made before any country could attack them, impregnable from direct attack. But I should not regard Havana as a difficult place to capture with a combined Army and Navy. It would have to be done, however, by effecting a landing elsewhere, and cutting off land communication with the Army, while the Navy would perform the same service on the water. The hostility of the native population to the Spanish authority would make this a comparatively easy task for any first-class Power, and especially for the United States in case of a War with Spain."

The Spanish Cape Verde Fleet.

All the Spanish war-ships at Cape Verde Islands but the smaller vessels were coaled by last Monday afternoon, and were ready to sail. As the port where the Squadron lies is Portuguese territory, the vessels had to leave on the Lisbon Government's neutrality proclamation being issued.

A *Daily Mail* despatch says the Spanish Fleet bought up all the stores, medicines, and supplies at St. Vincent, and even laid passing steamers under contribution. All the cruisers are of modern construction. They appear to be powerful, high-class fighting-ships. The torpedo craft are in good condition, thoroughly serviceable, and made a very formidable flotilla.

Since the Spanish ships arrived at St. Vincent they were painted black, and had a most workmanlike appearance. They were stripped for action, all boats and lumber being transferred to the transports.

Our Map of the United States and Cuba

shows at a glance the zone of sea and land occupied by the opposing forces of the United States and Spain; whilst the imaginative Balloon View of Cuba on one of our centre pages will bring the aspect of Admiral Sampson's effective blockade of the "Pearl of the Antilles" home to our multitudinous readers. At the southern extremity of the peninsula of Florida is the island of Key West. It is the nearest American soil to Cuba, and there a large fleet was assembled, which promptly started at six a.m., April 22, to invest Havana, nearly opposite to Key West, on the north-west coast of Cuba. The great island stretches eastward towards Hayti, which is governed by two negro republics. South of Cuba is Jamaica, which belongs, of course to Britain, as do the Leeward Islands and the Bahamas. Between the Leeward group and Hayti lies Puerto Rico, the other Spanish island in the West Indies. All this has primarily a naval interest, but when the United States army is landed there will be a military interest. It is at present being mobilised amid great enthusiasm

At Chickamauga, the Scene of One of the Most Bloody Battles of the Civil War in 1863.

Brigadier-General Graham made the admirable recommendation which resulted in the selection of the Chickamauga National Park for the camping of troops that are to be quartered in the South. It has tenting ground sufficient for 50,000 men, and is on the line of direct railway communication with all parts of the country. In this respect no more advantageous point could have been selected. It is really "the hub" of the Southern seaports. It is

620 Miles by Rail from Washington,

and its fine position may be seen by a glance at the accompanying map. Fortress Monroe is 650 miles away; Wilmington, North Carolina, 560; Charleston, 425; Savannah, 420; Tampa, 800; Pensacola, 400: Mobile, 425; and New Orleans, 500. An attack, or a threatened attack, on any of these ports would see United States troops with every advantage in their favour. The first troops to reach the park were those of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, who were ordered to Key West and Dry Tortugas, but owing to the water scarcity at these places, were directed to make a temporary encampment at Chickamauga.

Havana Harbour and Morro Castle.

The little chart appended, and the view of the entrance to the port of Havana printed on the same page as the Balloon View of Cuba, will afford a fair idea of the fine harbour in which that lamentable catastrophe, the

Sinking of the Maine,

with a deplorable loss of precious lives, occurred. The tiny chart defines the positions of the chief defences of Havana Harbour, and the point where the American battle-ship *Maine* was sunk through the mysterious explosion.

The Entrance to Havana Harbour.

may be readily recognised, on approaching from the sea, by Fort Morro, and the extensive line of fortifications on the cliffs, which overlook the city to the westward, at the height of about

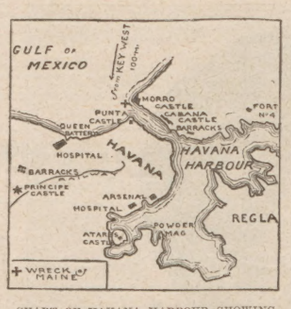


CHART OF HAVANA HARBOUR SHOWING MORRO CASTLE AND THE POINT WHERE THE "MAINE" SANK.

150 ft. The entrance channel for about four cables of its length is not more than three-quarters of a cable wide, while the Morro point, the north corner of the entrance, is steep, and vessels of the heaviest draught can pass close alongside it. Opposite to it, at the Punta Fort, there are four guns of modern calibre, which were mounted there by General Weyler. These are the only pieces of ordnance in the whole of the Cuban forts to be compared with the guns of the United States ships which they will be able to train on them.

The northern and southern shores of the entrance are bordered by sandbanks, which cause a considerable narrowing of the channel. Within the harbour the western shore is bold, and vessels lie alongside the wharves of the city. The depth of water in the entrance channel varies from six to nine fathoms l.w.s. There is a gigantic floating dock in the harbour capable of lifting any vessel of the Spanish or American fleets. Its situation has not been absolutely defined as yet, but it is probably stationed where an older and smaller one already exists—namely, in the northern part of the port. The smaller dock is capable of lifting vessels of 2800 tons. The entrance to Havana Harbour is doubtless fully mined by this time. The forts are heavily armed, and a considerable garrison is at hand ready to repel any attempt at capture by landing parties.

The other principal harbours on the north coast are Matanzas, Cardenas, Puerto Padre, Nuevitas, Baracoa, Mariel, Cabanas, and Bahia Honda. On the south are Santiago de Cuba, Cienfuegos, Trinidad, and Manzanillo. There are about a thousand miles of railway, principally radiating from Havana to Pinar del Rio and Santa Clara.

The First Ship Captured in the War was the "Buenaventura," Spanish Steamer,

with a cargo of lumber timber from Texas. The cruiser *Nashville* fired a six-pounder, and the Spaniard surrendered. The capture was effected on April 22, seventeen miles south of Key West, whither the vessel was brought with a prize crew on board. The *Buenaventura* is a fine steamer, of 1741 registered tonnage. She was built at Sunderland in 1871, and is owned by Larrinaga and Co., of Bilbao. She is classed "A 1" at Lloyd's. At Key West the people displayed frantic enthusiasm, and work was suspended, everybody rushing down to the docks to see America's first prize, which soon afterwards went aground. Several other steamers were subsequently captured by the American cruisers. But President McKinley's Cabinet on Monday resolved to release the Spanish vessels taken before that date, owing to the courtesy shown by the Spanish Government in giving American ships thirty days to leave Spanish harbours.

The Rumoured U.S. Cuban Plan of Campaign.

The Washington Correspondent of the *Daily News* informed us last Monday: It is reported this afternoon that the President has decided to send 5000 regulars, now at Tampa—4000 infantry and 1000 cavalry, with artillery—by transport to the southern coast of the island at some point capable of being well fortified and used as a base of supplies. The troops would be accompanied by supplies for the destitute Cubans, and Gomez would use his army to aid in its distribution. Once such a base is established it is thought the way would be open to pour all the relief needed into the island. The fleet now in Cuban waters, it is believed, would have no difficulty in protecting the landing of troops and supplies.

The Cuban Junta.

Señor Thomas Estrada Palma, President of the Cuban Junta in New York, with whom General

SEÑOR PALMA.

Miles, of the U.S. Army, has been concerting plans for arming the insurgents in Cuba, was born in Bayamo, Cuba, in 1835. He was educated in Havana and Seville. In 1868 he was nominated a member of Congress of the Republic. In 1875 he was elected President of the provisional Government. In 1877 he was captured by Spanish soldiers while on his way to Canaguey with a detachment. In June 1878 Señor Palma was released, and left Cuba, but being afraid of landing in Spain, took a trip, sailing for France, where he remained twenty days, and then came to New York. To-day Señor Palma is the Director of the Institute Estrada Palma, in Central Valley, N.Y., a nice building surrounded by beautiful grounds, where he lives with his wife, three sons, and two daughters, and his fifty pupils, mostly Cubans. He is a talented man, and speaks French and English with fluency. The Cuban insurgents are gallantly led by General Gomez.

General Blanco

is the Spanish Captain-General of Cuba. He succeeded General Weyler two years ago, going to Cuba with a mission of reform and peace. He has avoided the savage cruelties which roused so much animosity against Weyler, and as a consequence has been denounced in Spain as half-hearted and timid. He has not seriously lessened the power of the "insurgents," but has had a most difficult task to perform. He had served in Spain against the Carlists, and is an able soldier. General Blanco was quick to

GENERAL BLANCO.

complete the defences of Havana Harbour, in so far as the means at his disposal allowed him, directly the American Consul-General, Fitzhugh Lee, left for Key West, handing over to the British Consul the care of any American interests. On Sunday General Blanco cabled to Madrid from Havana that the American Squadron approached within five miles of the port and then disappeared in a northerly direction.

The U.S. Dynamite War-ship "Vesuvius."

The United States is keeping up its character as a go-ahead nation by employing some types of vessels which have never yet had a fair trial under the conditions of actual war. It is said that they have a submarine boat to be used for

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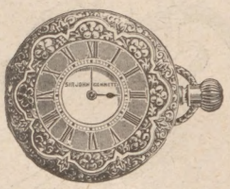

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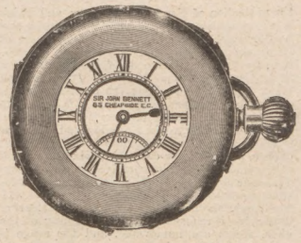

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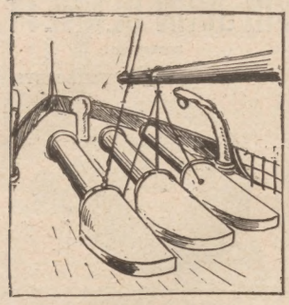

THE U.S. DYNAMITE CRUISER "VESUVIUS."

the protection of New York Harbour, and which it is alleged can easily approach and destroy any hostile vessel without the enemy being aware of its proximity. Howard Paul's detailed description, by the way, of the defences of New York in last week's *Penny Illustrated Paper* excited much interest throughout the country, various correspondents assure us. The U.S. war-ship *Vesuvius*, the dynamite cruiser, is the only ship of her class in the world. She is fitted with four Gatlings and three dynamite guns of 15-in. calibre, and her crew consists of six officers and eighty-four men. The barrels or tubes of these dynamite guns are 30 ft. long, but the muzzles alone protrude through the deck at the bows, at a fixed angle, and in one direction only. The steering of the ship is responsible for the training of the guns, which are immovable, and the range is regulated by atmospheric pressure. The extreme range is one mile, but the destructive power of the dynamite projectile is terrible. The commander of the vessel can, from a turret amidships, steer the ship and at the same time train, fire, and regulate the guns. The *Vesuvius* is 253 ft. long by 27 wide; she draws 10 ft. 7½ in. of water; her tonnage is 929, her horse-power 3794, while her maximum speed is 21½ knots.

Mr. Theo. Roosevelt,

Assistant Secretary of the United States Navy, who has just relinquished that post in order that he may join the Volunteers in the field, is a young man of an exemplary type. He comes from one of the old Dutch families, the "Knickerbockers," who form the inner and most exclusive circle of New York aristocracy. In addition, he has wealth, culture; has travelled, and hunted big game; and has written a book. Men of this class in America generally avoid the worries of public office; but Mr. Roosevelt has loyally served his native land. A dozen years ago he stood for the Mayoralty of New York as a Republican against a Democrat and Henry George, the Single Tax candidate. Mr. Roosevelt was defeated; but three years ago, when Tammany was beaten, he undertook to reform the New York Police by purging it of corruption. He did good service as Commissioner of Police for New York City, and when his party triumphed at the Presidential election, he was induced to become Assistant Secretary to the Navy. The President has decided to appoint this public-spirited young ex-Minister of State Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment of mounted cowboys and riflemen which Mr. Roosevelt is raising.

MR. ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Long, the Goschen of America,

is a U.S. First Lord of the Admiralty as energetic and able and determined as our own shrewd and wideawake "ruler of the Queen's Navee." Sound of judgment, Mr. Long is swift to act. Witness the alacrity with which Admiral Sampson was dispatched with his Fleet from Key West for Cuba; and the smartness with which a few ships of Commodore Schley's "Flying Squadron" set forth from Hampton Roads. Secretary Long was reported to have stated last Saturday that it was not the intention of the United States Fleet to run any risks by getting within range of the Spanish land defences at Cuba "until the Spanish fleet had been taken care of." Their endeavour would rather be to starve the island of Cuba into submission. But it is hardly likely a 'cute American Secretary of State would "give himself away."

MR. LONG,
U.S. Navy Secretary.

U.S. Squadron Bound for the Philippines.

In consequence of a notification from the British authorities, the remaining vessels of the United States Squadron left Hong-Kong last Monday—it was thought for the Philippine Islands (which Spain adroitly offered England, but in vain, as security for a big war loan).

The American Commodore and Consul lodged a protest at Hong-Kong on the ground that the American Government not having then notified a declaration of war, there was no necessity for requiring the war-ships to take their departure.

Mr. Barrett, the United States Minister at Bangkok, in an unofficial interview last Monday, stated that it was of the greatest importance to America to take the Philippines. The value of these islands, he said, was not realised in America. They were richer and larger than Cuba, and in the hands of a strong Power they would form the key to the Far East and the Asiatic Pacific. America could either hold the islands for commercial and strategic reasons or negotiate with Great Britain for their exchange for her West Indian Colonies or with other Powers for reciprocal advantages.

REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

THE "BELLE OF NEW YORK" IN LONDON.

A Chat with Miss Edna May.

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

PROSPERITY, through a fascinating Salvation lass, has come to the Shaftesbury Theatre. Crowded houses are nightly and at every matinée welcoming with rapture the gay American Company which has come, I hope, to stay. So delighted was I with my visit to this comfortable playhouse that I obtained an introduction to

Miss Edna May,

the sweet-voiced Belle herself, and found her as charming and as delightfully ingenuous as she appears before the footlights, where she takes all our hearts captive.

"Perfectly lovely," is Miss Edna May's concise opinion of her reception. "We were told before the curtain went up not to be disheartened if we did not get encores. Therefore the reception you gave us made a still more agreeable surprise. Indeed, your enthusiasm outrivalled even that of New York."

"So you are inclined to like us here in London?"

"Everything is Delightful.

I have not seen much as yet, but I mean to do so. I have been to see 'The Geisha,' and immensely admired dear little Maggie May's voice; and last Sunday I lunched at Richmond, and then explored Hampton Court. Your parks are splendid. But why do your women wear such long skirts when biking?

"Do I Bike?

What a question! Yes, ever since I was twelve. I wouldn't be without my Spalding wheel for anything."

"Is this your first appearance in a musical fantasia?"

"Why, yes. I haven't been on the boards more than eighteen months."

"Indeed! From where did you get your charming young voice, which for strength, timbre, register, and perfect harmony pleased me immensely?"

"Well, I was born in Syracuse, New York State, but my schooling as a girl was acquired in New York, where I received a general education, my musical instructor being Professor Walters; but I fear I gave most of my attention to fencing, which, although the most delightful exercise, is not particularly beneficial to the voice. But you must know that

I Never Studied for the Stage

in any way, my parents being of quite a different turn of mind. Nor have I sung before in public, excepting solos in church occasionally, at home, and in New York. However, a friend recommended me to go on the stage when I was barely seventeen—*i.e.*, two years ago—when

I Appeared in 'Sancta Maria'

under Mr. Hammerstein at the Olympic Theatre in New York, and in the chief cities of the United States. Afterwards I played a small part with Mr. Hoyt, his wife being the star, in 'A Contented Woman'; but seeing no prospect of getting on, I returned home rather discouraged."

"And then came your opportunity?"

"Quite so. Mr. Lederer, my present manager, heard me sing 'The Lost Chord,' and at once offered me my present rôle, thinking not only my voice but my style would suit

The Character of Violet Gray

in 'The Belle of New York.' Isn't it a sweet-sounding name?"

"Your voice is so fresh and natural, and its register is very great, quite up to upper E I should say."

"Yes, that is the extent of my register. The music of 'The Belle of New York' scarcely does me credit, as it is written for a medium register. It is when I get on the higher notes that I feel most at home. The fact is

I Really Love to Sing.

I got the nickname of Adelina Patti at school, partly for that reason, and because my patronymic is very similar. Edna May, my stage name, being really Christian names only."

"Before I go I wonder if you would oblige me with a verse of that charming Salvation-lass song, which has haunted me ever since I heard it?"

Most obligingly Miss May sat down and sang the sweet, demurely expressed refrain, which has become the talk of London—

When I ask them to be good,
As all young men should be,
They only say they would
Be very good—to me.

Follow on, follow on,
Till the light of Faith you see;
But they never proceed
To follow that light
But always follow—me.

MISS EDNA MAY
AS "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK"
IN THE CANDY-STORE REVEL.

MISS EDNA MAY AS THE SALVATION ARMY LASS
IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

Trio of Photographs by Pach Brothers, New York.

MISS EDNA MAY
AS MDLLE. BONNE BOUCHE IN
"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

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HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

HER MAJESTY has won fresh golden opinions from all sorts and conditions of people while at Cimiez; and has, during the latter part of her visit, enjoyed the advantages of the personal counsels of the Prime Minister, who is much better health, we rejoice to learn. In honour of the Queen, a grand review of nearly all the troops garrisoned in the vicinity of Nice took place last Monday on the Promenade des Anglais. In the evening, Lord Rowton (one of London's most practical philanthropists) and Mr. and Mrs. Cazalet dined with Her Majesty at the Hôtel Regina.

Great Britain Officially Neutral in the War. The Prince of Wales held a Council last Saturday morning, on behalf of the Queen, by virtue of a Royal Commission, issued under the Great Seal, for approving the draft of a Proclamation of Neutrality. There were present the Duke of Devonshire (Lord President of the Council), Viscount Cross (Lord Privy Seal), and Lord Balfour of Burleigh (Secretary for Scotland). Sir Charles Lennox Peel was in attendance as Clerk of the Council. His Royal Highness was also present at a meeting of the Standing Committee of Trustees of the British Museum. The Prince of Wales, attended by Major-General Sir A. Ellis, subsequently left Marlborough House for Sandringham, where H.R.H. spent Sunday with the Princess and his family.

Mr. Balfour on the Blockade.—Mr. Balfour, replying to questions in the House of Commons last Monday, stated that, according to the Spanish Official Decree, neutral flags covered the enemy's merchandise, except contraband of war, and a blockade must be effective to be obligatory. So far, the policy of Spain was in exact accordance with the Declaration of Paris, but she reserved to herself the right to grant letters of marque, and organise a force of auxiliary cruisers to co-operate with the navy, and be under naval control.

Spanish and Cuban Meetings in London. To our War Chronicle we need only add here brief references to two London meetings. Under the auspices of the Spanish Atrocities Committee a demonstration took place last Sunday afternoon in Trafalgar Square. A resolution was carried calling upon the Spanish Government to immediately liberate the twenty men condemned to life-long terms of penal servitude, on evidence admitted to have been obtained by tortures, and protesting against the barbarities inflicted on the inhabitants of Cuba and the Philippine Islands. The speakers included Mr. Tom Mann, Mr. A. E. Fletcher, Louise Michel, Mr. F. Smith, L.C.C., Mr. Lothrop Withington (an American), and Professor Tarrida del Marmol (a Cuban). On the other hand, an enthusiastic meeting of Spanish residents in London, held at Winchester House last Monday, passed resolutions of heartiest sympathy with the Spanish Government in the war against the United States.

Mr. McKinley Sent a Message to the American Congress last Monday, asking that body to issue a declaration of hostilities, and the necessary Bill was passed, making the war retroactive from April 21, the date upon which the joint Resolutions were signed. The President's position was that Spain practically declared war when she broke off diplomatic relations with General Woodford, the Minister of the United States at Madrid.

The Spanish Cortes treated the American President's Message as it did the ultimatum which General Woodford was instructed to present at Madrid.

The American Liner "Paris" steamed from Southampton at half-past two o'clock on the afternoon of April 22. The *Paris* carried 136 passengers. A large crowd assembled in the Empress Dock to witness the departure of the liner, on whose deck a band played "Yankee Doodl'," amid the cheering which usually accompanies the sailing of an ocean-going steamer. The *Paris* is carrying a quantity of fittings for Nordenfelt quick-firing guns, consigned to the Commandant of the United States Navy; and when she arrives, is to be rechristened as the *Yale*, and fitted as a cruiser of the United States Navy. There was an unfounded report in London last Saturday evening that the *Paris* had been captured in the English Channel by a Spanish man-of-war.

The Prince of Wales and the Royal Photographic Society's Crystal Palace Exhibition. All interested in photography—and it is to-day one of the most popular arts—will find much of interest and instruction at the superb exhibition at the Crystal Palace, opened last Monday by the Prince of Wales—himself an accomplished amateur. It will remain open till May 14. The Historical Section, situated in the Egyptian Court, contains some of the first photographs taken in 1826 by Niepce, who was associated with Daguerre in the production of this process. In the Roman Court are collections illustrating photography in colours and the many applications of the art to scientific objects. Among the exhibits of apparatus a mammoth process camera is remarkable. It will take a plate 6 ft. by 5 ft., and can be extended to 12 ft. For those not particularly interested in the mechanical means of production, a comprehensive collection of admirable results are on view. Over six thousand photographs are arranged on screens, and the variety of mounts and frames furnish many happy decorative notions. Taken all together, in its multiplied variety and comprehensive scope, it may be safely said that no photographic exhibition on such extended lines has ever been attempted in the history of photography. It must have given the staff of the Royal Photographic Society and Mr. Henry Gillman, the General Manager of the Crystal Palace, much trouble to arrange so admirably.

The Prince of Wales and suite witnessed the performance of "Lord and Lady Algy" at the Comedy Theatre on Monday evening.

Prince George's Visit to the "Crescent." which he will shortly command, was, from the spectacular point of view, a very ordinary affair. The Duke of York looked over the ship as a Captain and practical sailor, not as a Prince, and no ceremony of any special nature took place. H.M.S. *Crescent*, described and photographed in last week's *P.I.P.*, is a fine ship, originally fitted as a flag-ship. Prince George will occupy the Admiral's quarters, and he has noted several alterations and enlargements that he wishes to be made in them. The Prince walked about Portsmouth Dockyard a good deal, dressed in a Captain's uniform, but always without any guard or attendance of a Royal nature. The Duke of York on Monday morning inspected the torpedo instructional flotilla at Portsmouth. The Duchess visited the Royal Sailors' Rest and Kingston Church. In the afternoon Lady Seymour gave a garden-party "to meet the Duchess" to a large number of sailors' wives who belong to a society of which Her Royal Highness is President. Subsequently Their Royal Highnesses were present at a football match played on behalf of the Seamen and Marines Orphanage.

Captain H.R.H. the Duke of York will take the chair at the annual meeting of the Royal School for Naval and Marine Officers' Daughters at the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, S.W., next Wednesday, at noon.

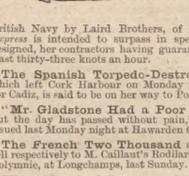
A Fast British Torpedo-Boat Destroyer.—The Dockyard authorities at Devonport have received instructions to manufacture a set of boiler-tubes for the new torpedo-boat destroyer *Express*, which is being built for the British Navy by Laird Brothers, of Birkenhead. The *Express* is intended to surpass in speed any vessel yet designed, her contractors having guaranteed a speed of at least thirty-three knots an hour.

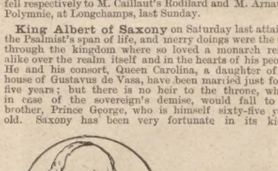
The Spanish Torpedo-Destroyer "Audaz," which left Cork Harbour on Monday morning ostensibly for Cadiz, is said to be on her way to Porto Rico.

"Mr. Gladstone Had a Poor Night's Sleep, but the day has passed without pain," was the bulletin issued last Monday night at Hawarden Castle.

The French Two Thousand and One Thousand fell respectively to M. Caillault's Rodilard and M. Arnaud's Polymnie, at Longchamps, last Sunday.

King Albert of Saxony on Saturday last attained the Psalmist's span of life, and merry doings were the rule through the kingdom where so loved a monarch reigns alike over the realm itself and in the hearts of his people. He and his consort, Queen Carolina, a daughter of the house of Gustavus de Vasa, have been married just forty-five years; but there is no heir to the throne, which, in case of the sovereign's demise, would fall to his brother, Prince George, who is himself sixty-five years old. Saxony has been very fortunate in its kings,


THE KING OF SAXONY.


THE ROYAL PALACE AT DRESDEN.

THE QUEEN OF SAXONY.

and is the third State of importance in Germany, possessing as it does, four millions of inhabitants, with a private revenue and expenditure of over £10,000,000. Its capital, Dresden, is the home of art, and is, as everyone knows, famous for its china. It has 300,000 inhabitants, and its palace, which is very beautiful, is the home most affected by the King and Queen.

The British Budget.—Sir Michael Hicks Beach made a lucid Budget speech in the House of Commons on April 21. The Chancellor of the Exchequer finds himself with a surplus of £1,788,000, and therefore he goes at once for that tax which probably all of us most object to—the income-tax—and gives relief on incomes over £400 and up to £700 a year. He also reduces Legacy and Succession Duties by one per cent., where Estate Duty is also paid, and exempts from Land Tax property of less than £5 annual value. The only thing of daily consumption which has a little relief from taxation is tobacco, the duty on which is reduced by sixpence per pound. In this connection it is worth noting that Sir Michael Hicks Beach is a non-smoker.

Mr. Tree celebrated the birthday of Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket on Thursday evening. "Julius Cæsar" was performed. This is the grandest production of Shakspere's great Roman tragedy ever seen on the stage.

"The Geisha," produced at Daly's Theatre on April 25, 1896, reached its second anniversary on Monday evening.

Shakspere's Birthday was Celebrated at Stratford-on-Avon on Saturday last. There were two performances of "Antony and Cleopatra" in the Memorial Theatre, the poet's grave was decorated, and there was a service in the parish church, at which the vicar, the Rev. G. Arbuthnot, delivered an address. Mr. Mulholland gave a week of Shakesperean plays at the Métropole, Camberwell. Mr. Church got together the customary dinner-party of enthusiastic Shakspereans at the Urban Club, Anderton's Hotel.

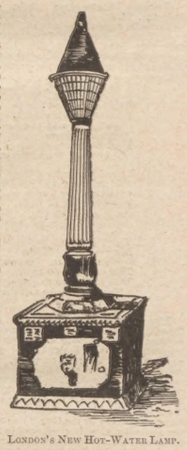
Otto, the Deranged King of Bavaria, who is now fifty, is reported to be dying. He is the son of King Maximilian II. and Princess Marie of Prussia. He was born at Munich, and has been insane more than half his life. He nominally succeeded to the throne on June 10, 1886, when his brother, King Ludwig II., committed suicide by drowning himself in the beautiful Lake of Starnberg, in the Park of Berg Castle, three days after his deposition upon the score of insanity. Otto's succession was a mere form, as the regency of his uncle, Prince Luitpold, established upon the dethronement of Ludwig II., was continued and finally affirmed by the Bavarian Diet. The unfortunate Otto, however, was not born insane. The taint which was in his blood, was made virulent and active by the circumstances of his life.

KING OTTO.

Don Carlos, who recently issued a manifesto to his party in Spain in favour of war with the United States, is a claimant to the Spanish throne. He is the direct male heir of the Spanish line of Kings. On the death of Ferdinand VII., in 1833, without male issue, the succession passed, according to the Legitimist theory, to his brother, Charles V. In 1855 the latter renounced his rights in favour of his son, Charles VI., Count of Montemolin, who was succeeded in 1861 by Don Juan, the father of Don Carlos, and Don Juan renounced his rights in favour of Don Carlos in 1868. Meanwhile the throne was ascended in 1833 by Ferdinand VII.'s daughter, Isabella, grandmother to the present King, Alfonso XIII. The contention of her supporters was that the Salic Law in Spain had been abolished by a decree issued in 1830 by Ferdinand VII., but, on the other hand, it is alleged that he was without the right of altering the Constitution. Don Carlos is now in his fifty-first year. His first wife was a Princess of Bourbon and a niece of the Comte de Chambord; he recently married the Princess di Rohan. He has made several armed efforts to establish his rights to the throne.

DON CARLOS.

The Penny-in-the-Slot Principle has been applied in Liverpool and in London to the provision of hot-water lamp-posts! The workman starting off at dawn in Southwark to his daily toil need not worry "the missus" to get up and make his early cup of coffee or cocoa or what not. All he has to do is to go to his lamp-post, drop his halfpenny in the proper receptacle, and, hey presto! he is supplied with a gallon of hot water, heated in a coil above the gas-jets. As he would not want a gallon of water for his matutinal cup, he can use as he needs, and take the rest indoors to his spouse for ablutionary purposes. How the idea will work in London remains to be seen. The promoters of the scheme suggest a further convenience in the shape of solidified tea, coffee, and cocoa and the use of a metal mug for the extra charge of one penny. The first of these hot-water appliances has been erected in Queen's Buildings, Southwark Bridge Road, and others will shortly be seen in Leicester Square, and Stoney Lane, Aldgate.


LONDON'S NEW HOT-WATER LAMP.

The Lamentable Destruction of Spurgeon's Tabernacle.—South London has lost a celebrated building by fire. The great Tabernacle built for the late Mr. Spurgeon in Newington Butts was a centre of associations and interests extending far beyond the Baptist communion, and, though it was only thirty-seven years old, may fairly be regarded as historic. It caught fire on Wednesday afternoon, April 20, and all the efforts of Commander Wells and his gallant men could not prevent the huge Tabernacle from being reduced to ruins. Its construction made the attempts to save it almost hopeless; but, happily, the fire did not spread either to the Pastors' College or to the densely populated neighbourhood, and there was no loss of life. The Tabernacle destroyed was a monument to the intense popularity of Charles Spurgeon. As his fame spread, his congregation, growing greater each week, was forced to flit from place to place, always seeking more room. In 1856 Mr. Spurgeon was forced to take the Surrey Music-Hall, and in a panic that was brought about by some slight disturbance, seven persons were crushed and trampled to death. The pastor and elders then determined to build a Tabernacle which would hold the crowds who flocked to join the service, and which would at the same time be safe. In May 1861 the building in Newington Butts was free from debt, no less a sum than £31,332 4s. 10d. having been raised by voluntary subscriptions for the purpose. The Tabernacle was 146 ft.

THE REV. THOS. SPURGEON.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER says "Cocoa is an admirable beverage." Be sure you are drinking Cocoa, and not a mixture with kola, malt, hops, etc. CADBURY'S COCOA is guaranteed absolutely pure. The *Lancet* says "it represents the standard of highest purity."—[ADVT.]

See "The World of Pastime."

Read the "ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE" all the Year Round, 6d. Monthly.

The fire originated in the kitchen flue at the south-east corner of the Tabernacle, breaking out at the top of the building near the upper gallery, and thence working downwards.

long, 81 ft. broad, and 62 ft. high, and was capable of seating 5500 persons, but often more than 6000 people were accommodated within its walls. The lecture-room attached had a capacity for holding about 900 people, and the school-room had accommodation for 1000 children. Besides these great halls, there were secretary's rooms, three vestries, ladies' room for working meetings, young men's class-rooms, store-rooms, six class-rooms, kitchen, and retiring-rooms. After Mr. Spurgeon's death, which took place on the Riviera some five years ago, the Rev. Dr. Pierson, of America, occupied the pulpit for a year, after which the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, son of the founder, was installed as pastor. He remains in that post, and was present in one of the rooms of the building when the fire broke out. He was the recipient of general condolences at the catastrophe; and held the first service after the disaster in Exeter Hall on Sunday last. But the Tabernacle is soon to rise from its ashes. Handsome contributions were speedily forthcoming. Subscriptions to the Rebuilding Fund should be addressed to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, College Buildings, Temple Street, Newington, London, S.E.

George Augustus Sala to Henry Stacy Marks, R.A.—*The Penny Illustrated Paper* for April 2 contained a copy of one of the late Henry Stacy Marks's "At Home" cards, which recalled to a correspondent the following lines by the late Mr. Sala, dashed with melancholy as well as with jocosity, declining through ill-health an invitation to the genial Academician's festive gathering—

Mr. Sala's Lament.

Alas! and alack!
I am laid on my back,
And gruel and pap are my rations;
And being thus undone,
I can't come to London,
For "poultry and pipes and potations."

I used to like smoking,
And laughing and joking,
And poultry (when roasted) I dote on;
But why talk of these,
Or of soda and B's,
To a cripple who can't put his coat on?

There's an end to my larks,
My dear Stacy Marks:
My consols in pleasure I've sold out;
Life's cricket no more
Will invite me to score,
The bat's broke and the wicket (wicked) man's bowled out.

The Executive Council of the Imperial Institute in London are making arrangements for holding at the Institute an Exhibition of Apparatus and Appliances for the Generation of Acetylene Gas and its application for lighting purposes. The minimum space allotted to any one exhibitor will be 35 square feet: if a larger space be desired, the charge for the additional space will be proportionate to the amount (£50) charged for the 35 feet. In the event of any apparatus sent to Harrow Road for testing by the Committee of the Society of Arts being considered by the Committee as unfit for exhibition, the amount paid will be returned in full. The Council will not take the responsibility of making the necessary arrangements for the Exhibition unless by May 2 there is a sufficient number of applicants to cover the actual outlay which will be involved. Intending exhibitors will be communicated with definitely by Thursday, May 5.

The Marquis of Worcester Threatened by a Lady.—In Bow Street Police Court the other day, a curious case was heard. Florence Vining, forty-five, was charged on a warrant on remand with writing to the Marquis of Worcester demanding money with menaces. The Marquis of Worcester went into the witness-box and stated that he now lived at Badminton. He knew prisoner as long ago as 1867, but in 1869, in consequence of annoyance, she was given £250, and signed a document agreeing not to molest or annoy him; but she had continued to do so. Mr. De Rutzen committed prisoner for trial at the Central Criminal Court.

Florence Vining.

Dr. W. M. Collins was Committed for Trial on the charge of performing an illegal operation on Mrs. Uzielli, and causing her death.

A Big Rifle Manufacturing Company.—One of the most important financial undertakings of the year is the Lee-Metford Small Arms and Ammunition Company (Limited), to be brought out shortly. The share capital is £350,000, all in ordinary shares; and debentures to the amount of £50,000 will be issued, bearing interest at 4½ per cent. The company is formed to acquire fifty-four patents and applications for patents for the Lee-Metford Magazine Rifle, the Lee Arms Company's Turnbolt Rifle, the Lee Straight-pull Rifle, the Packhurst and Lee Cartridge-Clips, the Magazine Cut-off, the Improved Cartridge-Extractor, the Double Column Magazine, and the Magazine Cartridge-Indicator. The seat of the manufactory is Birmingham, and the company will begin operations within six months.

The Civil Marriage of Prince Christian of Denmark and Princess Alexandrine of Mecklenburg-Schwerin took place last Tuesday morning at the Villa Wenden, Cannes. The presents included a magnificent tortoise-shell fan with initials in diamonds, given by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a necklace of diamonds and sapphires from the Czar and Czarina. The religious ceremony was performed in the afternoon at the German Church.

The Fatal Collapse of a Westminster Building should serve as a timely warning to the constructors of the huge flat-mansions so much in vogue

WESTMINSTER DISASTER: SNAP-SHOT OF THE BUILDING, THE ROOF OF WHICH COLLAPSED.

Photograph by Sturdee, Deptford.

in London. On Monday Mr. Troutbeck opened the inquest on William Clifford Morse, John Henry Parker, Charles Weatherley, Ernest James Lillywhite, Hugh John Bray, George Bridge Hillings, and Henry Clements, who were killed by the collapse, on April 21, of the building in Orchard Street, Westminster, of which we print a photo. The inquiry was adjourned until May 9. The body of Henry Clements, of Elm Lane, Brixton, another of the victims, was found terribly mutilated in the basement of the collapsed building on Monday morning. A relief fund for the sufferers from the disaster has been started in Westminster. The relatives of each of the men killed will receive £200 under insurance policies, while the injured will receive compensation.

Of the London Theatrical Novelties, the Comedy scored rather with the modernised "School for Scandal," called "Lord and Lady Algy." Constructed neatly and written smoothly and smartly by Mr. R. C. Carton, the piece was capitally enacted by Mr. Charles Hawtrey and company. Lord and Lady Algy (Mr. Hawtrey and Miss Compton), divided in life by a fancied opposition of tastes, but yet the best of friends, are reunited by their combined efforts to save a frivolous married woman from eloping with Algy's gay brother, and by Lady Algy's winning £9000 over a race which well-nigh ruins her good-natured husband. The thin ice is dexterously skated over. An amusing fancy-dress ball imparts scenic variety to the play, which is light and entertaining enough in the hands of Mr. Hawtrey and Miss Compton, Mr Eric Lewis, Miss Fannie Ward, Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. Henry Kemble, and Mrs. Charles Calvert. At the Globe, Mr. Ogilvie's new piece, "The Master," may be worth sitting out as a psychological study, and as offering the freshest example of Mr. Hare's finished acting. But it smacks too much of stocks and shares, too little of romance, to be of general interest. This was a pity, as Miss Kate Terry (Mrs. Lewis) elected to make her re-appearance on the stage in "The Master," but was given so little to say that her part as the gentle wife of the pragmatical, self-opinionated City man, Faber (Mr. Hare), who banishes wife, son, and daughter alike from his house, proved but faint and colourless. None the less should cordial praise be given to Mr. Hare, himself, to Mr. Frank Gillmore, Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, Mr. Herbert Ross, Mr. Fred Kerr, and particularly to Mr. Gilbert Hare, for their strenuous efforts to make "The Master" a success. The Avenue and Terry's reopen this week with new pieces (of which more anon); and next Wednesday is fixed by Sir Henry Irving for the new Lyceum drama of "The Medicine Man," which is to range from Whitechapel to Mayfair.

The Vicar of the Parish of Holy Cross, St. Pancras, the Rev. Albert Moore, has so many poor people needing help in his district that he has appealed, and with success, to Mr. Charles Wyndham to grant the Criterion for a matinée in aid of his poor-box on May 10. Not only has Mr. Wyndham most generously given his theatre for the occasion, but our leading comedian will appear, with Miss Mary Moore, in "Still Waters Run Deep," for the benefit of this deserving fund.

The Booksellers' Dinner.—A literary feast of reason and flow of soul, at which the foremost publishers and authors co-operate in aid of the Booksellers' Provident Institution, takes place at the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, on May 7. The Right Hon. James Bryce, D.C.L., M.P., will occupy the chair, and Mr. Sydney S. Pauling the vice-chair, supported by the Murrays, Longmans, Macmillans, Bentleys, Marstons, and Miles's. The Booksellers' Provident Institution also receives substantial help from the great firm of W. H. Smith and Son, the head of which is on the dinner committee, with other leading lights. Tickets, 7s. 6d. each, may be had of the Secretary, Mr. George Larner, 48, Paternoster Row, E.C.

The Sloane Street Milliner's Action for Blighted Affections.—Before Mr. Justice Phillimore and a common jury, in the Queen's Bench Division, last week, the case of Thomas v. Edwards came on for hearing. This was an action brought by the plaintiff, a milliner and lady's tailor, of Sloane Street, against the defendant, a gentleman of independent means, for a breach of promise of marriage. Mr. Tindal Atkinson, for plaintiff, said the defendant was an elderly widower, who had considerable interest in landed and house property, and met plaintiff at the house of an uncle in Green Lanes in 1895. From the very first defendant seemed to have taken a violent fancy to her, and asked her to meet him at various places in the City, and ultimately asked her to marry him. On the question of damages, Mr. Dickens-said if damages were to be given, it must be borne in mind that instead of losing anything by the marriage not taking place, plaintiff was relieved of the unwelcome task of looking after an aged cripple. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £200. Judgment was entered accordingly.

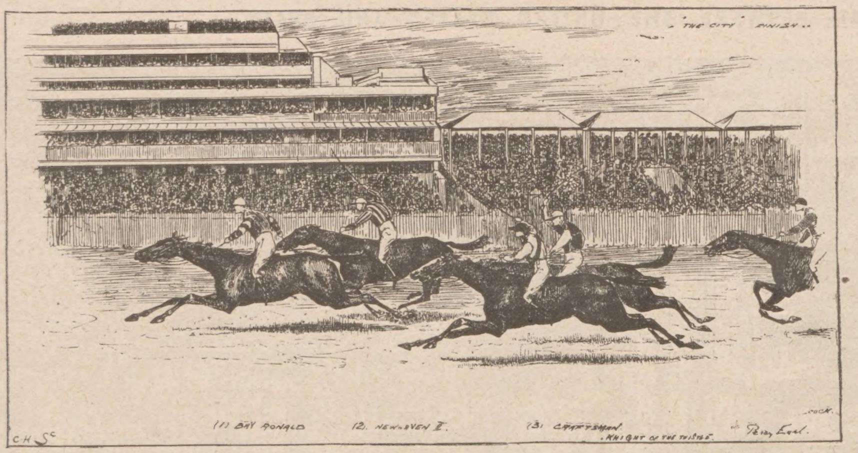
Miss Thomas.

"The Sorrows of Satan" in Court.—Miss Alice de Winton, a charming actress, had to pay for leaving the "Sorrows of Satan" company precipitately. Mr. C. W. Somerset, the Manager, complained, in Mr. Justice Ridley's Court, that she left at a moment's notice because the lady who played Lady Delilah was given a better dressing-room at the Brighton Theatre. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with damages £50. But the talents and personal attractions of Miss Alice de Winton were bound to secure for her a fresh engagement soon.

To the Deaf.—A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head after fourteen years' suffering, will gladly send full particulars of the remedy, post free.—Address: D. Clifton, Amberley House, Strand, London, W.C.—[Advt.]

"P.I.P." SNAP-SHOT OF THE RUINS OF SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.

You should read the "P.I.P." in NINETY-EIGHT if you wish to be UP-TO-DATE.



RACE FOR THE CITY AND SUBURBAN AT EPSOM: BAY RONALD WINNING.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

PUBLIC SCHOOLBOYS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

NOTWITHSTANDING that sundry heads of schools refuse to give their countenance to a Public Schools' athletic meeting not promoted by themselves, an excellent show continues to be made at the meeting annually promoted by the

London Athletic Club,

and nothing is heard of any injurious effect upon the boys who have full permission to display their athletic talent before a London public. It stands to reason that a visit to London to compete at an athletic meeting can have no more prejudicial effect than one for the purpose of competing or watching at cricket or rackets. But I will not pursue the subject further. The form shown on Saturday fully proved that much encouragement is given to the pursuit of athletics at our schools. In the race for the 100-yards challenge cup (H. W. Hill's) L. Cornish, of Merchant Taylors', sprinted home a winner in 10 3-5 sec., and the same runner followed up this very excellent performance by winning the quarter-mile challenge cup (C. H. Mason's) in 52 3-5 sec. Then in the mile (T. E. Wells's cup) B. T. Ward, of Rossall, sailed home an easy winner in 4 min. 32 3-5 sec., which for a schoolboy is very remarkable indeed. J. E. Lascelles, Brighton, won the high jump (M. Shearman's cup) at 5 ft. 5¾ in.; J. Gillman, St. Paul's, the long jump (J. Shearman's cup) at 19 ft. 6½ in., and the three-quarter mile (J. E. Dixon's cup) race in 4 min. 8 sec.; G. E. Barry, St. Paul's, the half-mile (E. T. Sachs's cup) in 2 min. 4 4-5 sec.; and L. D. Bailey, St. Paul's, the 120-yards hurdles (G. and C. Shaw's cup) in 17 2-5 sec. These excellent schoolboy performances were not the only items of merit at the L.A.C. second spring meeting, for

The Rev. W. E. Lutyens from Scratch Won the Open Mile Handicap in 4 min. 25 4-5 sec.;

hunted home by Dr. H. A. Munro, also scratch. In this race three of the J. E. Dixon family competed—father and two sons, all members of the L.A.C. A 100-yards handicap fell to C. H. Jupp, Surbiton; F. R. D. Munro won the 220-yards challenge cup (S. K. Holman's) race, in which two other university Blues competed, and the steeplechase cup (J. T. Wills's cup) was won by E. J. Wilkins. Among the goodly company was

The Earl of Jersey,

who was one of the Judges, and at the close distributed the prizes in most genial fashion.

The Amateur Football Cup

Competition has by no means met with the success its promoters had hoped for, and it affords a remarkable proof of the effect professionalism has had upon the Association game. Whereas on April 16 previous some 60,000 assembled at the Crystal Palace to see two professional teams play the final match for the Association Cup, last Saturday the match between

Middlesbrough and Uxbridge,

to decide the resting-place of the Cup for amateurs' attracted to the same ground only about 2000. The game as it happened, was one of poor description, and little need be said of it beyond stating that it was won by Middlesbrough for the second time.

Queen's Park Rangers and Everton

at Kensal Rise proved a much greater draw, but only an indifferent show being made by the home side, victory went to Everton on very easy terms—six goals to none. In the match between Ilford and Clapton it almost appeared as if the players were influenced by the fact that only a few days of the season were left, and they must make the most of them, for they went to work with a determination which amounted to undue roughness, and this, while it excited some, disgusted others. The game between Millwall Athletic and Luton was in pleasing contrast, and though the game between the London Caledonians and Wolverhampton Wanderers was all in favour of the latter, it was not uninteresting to watch.

The Northern Football Union Cup.

Headingley was the scene of the final match in this competition, and some 25,000 persons assembled on this splendid ground. Batley and Bradford were the teams opposed, and for the second year in succession the cup was won by the first-named.

It has been decided that the Sheriff of London Charity Shield shall be held jointly by the Corinthians and Sheffield United, who, it will be remembered, played two drawn games. The medals were presented on Wednesday at the smoking concert of the London Football Association.

The English Lacrosse Club Championship

was decided at the Crystal Palace on Saturday between Stockport and Surbiton. After a tolerably interesting first half, the play of Surbiton fell off tremendously, and in the result the Northerners won by eleven goals to one. Nine of the winners' goals were secured in the second half.

Covered Courts Lawn Tennis Championships.

It is not too much to say that, viewed from a general standpoint, the covered courts championships at the Queen's Club have this year been more satisfactory than ever, and that the increasing popularity of these competitions is due to the good management of all concerned, and especially Mr. Henry Becks, the club's popular secretary, and Mr. Herbert Chipp. Last week was devoted to these championships, and from them much pleasure was derived by a large number of persons, the courts on Saturday presenting a very animated and pleasing appearance. In the Gentlemen's Singles Mr. W. V. Eaves (the holder) was once more successful, his challenger, Mr. H. L. Doherty, being beaten by three sets to love. Miss Austin retains her title of lady champion, having defeated Miss Legh, winner of the All Comers' Competition. Mr. R. F. Doherty and Miss C. Cooper won the Mixed Doubles, which had not previously been included in the programme; and the brothers R. F. and H. L. Doherty secured the Gentlem n's Doubles, beating the holders, Messrs. G. Greville and H. A. Nisbet.

National Physical Recreation Society's Shield.

The annual competition for this trophy was completed on Saturday, the final being between Dublin and Newport. The last-named proved successful, scoring 366 5-6 points against 336 1-3 points.

The Public Schools Rackets

competition last week resulted in a victory for Harrow, who have won altogether on seventeen occasions, being absolute possessors of three cups. Eton were the runners-up; they have been victorious six times.

With the exception of K. S. Ranjitsinhji, who has gone to India, the members of

Mr. A. E. Stoddart's Team

have returned from Australia. As they came back Mr. Westray's team departed for Portugal, where cricket, lawn-tennis, and golf matches are to be played. This is much better than fighting, though, perhaps, perpetual peace would not altogether suit "Tommy Atkins."

BANSHEE.

The American Thread Company will have a capital of twelve million dollars, in ordinary shares and accumulative preference shares, together with six million dollars mortgage trust bonds. The English Sewing-Cotton Company (Limited) will possess considerably more than half the ordinary shares in the American Thread Company. Possibly the outbreak of hostilities between America and Spain may somewhat retard the launching of the huge American Thread Company.

BAY RONALD, WINNER OF THE CITY AND SUBURBAN AT EPSOM.

THE RACING WORLD.

SINCE the City and Suburban was run for we have had much business; yet people still harped on the City and Suburban finish, and wondered how it was that Newhaven did not win.

Well, certainly it was a strange race, of which our Artist presents a

Sketch of the Finish.

Bay Ronald, on the rails, won by a couple of lengths, and the Australian horse Newhaven just beat Craftsman by a head for second place. The winner on paper appeared safe enough, and it was, of course, a desperately near thing between second and third. But with all a pictorial story's power of relation its ability to indicate must sometimes fail a little. I mean to say, you can see here that Newhaven and Craftsman are making a precious tight fit of it, but you do not quite catch on to the fact that as between Newhaven and Bay Ronald the situation is far more exciting than in Newhaven versus Craftsman, which last-named is, I note, backed for the Derby, and is a by no means unlikely outsider for that race, this being a very poor year for three-year-olds.

Newhaven Came Up

at a tremendous pace, after being almost tailed off, and spectators went half mad with excitement on seeing him gallop two feet to the other horses' one so near the finish. He nearly spoilt the good thing in which Mr. Brassey, young Tom Jennings, and Bradford, who had wasted very hard to ride, participated.

I Always Thought Bay Ronald

was the best handicapped horse in the race till I came upon a posse of Newmarket touts who had just seen the animal tried. They would not stand him at any price, which is quite in keeping with their usual custom. I ought to have recollecte my old rule—namely, to oppose them if they run a horse down and not be sanguine should they praise it up very much indeed.

Sandown's Course

on Saturday made one thankful for not being obliged to ride in the jumping races. Real y it was too hard for that game, unless, that is, you were quite certain the gee would not make any mistake, for it must be nasty work tumbling. I as very pleased that all went off without trouble. There came a spill or two but nothing of consequence.

We were all glad that, after all, Mr. Reginald Ward did not part with Cathal when he sold his other horses. His brother, Lord Dudley, bought him, and we shall no doubt see Mr. Ward riding a good winning race on the hitherto unlucky chaser. His old bad fortune stuck to him on Saturday, for he certainly would have beaten Queen Bee but for the mare's interfering with him. A good deal of surprise was expressed when the objection laid by Mr. Ward against O'Brien was overruled; but it must be remembered that the stewards were a long while hearing the case.

At Sandown we heard the result of the Kingsclere Two Thousand Guineas trial, in which Calverley was placed first, Batt second, and Constitution—a colt by Common—third. As Purkiss rode Calverley, and M. Cannon Batt, it was presumed that the latter was giving a lot of weight away. So being beaten a short head or so was not a serious matter. But somehow the trial did not seem to please the public, and Batt became no better favourite for the Guineas, at any rate.

A funny thing was that on the Saturday none of the three favourites went well, and yet nothing else was at all well backed. Prospects of pleasant weather

For Newmarket

were by no means bright as one steamed along towards headquarters. The sky was overcast and the wind damp and cold, the glass was going down, and there was a wintry feeling in the air. All we could do was to hope for the best, believing that as most of the three-year-olds had come out badly we should at any rate see a close race for the

Two Thousand Guineas.

What you heard about the field was mostly of a negative order. Ninus, some of the touts declared, was absolutely lame, and had been for days—a circumstance which did not prevent his being made favourite. Batt had grown and improved, but was a trifle backward. Win or lose here, said cute judge, he will be a better horse at Epsom on the Derby Day. Brio found friends who were content to take him on trust. Jeddah's party stuck to him, though his form up to Criterion Hill was sorelv discounted by Galashiels' running behind the Tartar at Epsom.

But Disraeli Won Easily,

and the Carlton and the *Standard* office rejoiced—or the latter should have done so for a double reason. In a very fast race, indeed, Disraeli was always winning the Guineas. He had the race safe half a mile from home, and won with a lot in hand. Wantage, who was second, will improve much. Let me particularise as to the first three—

The TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES of 100 sovereigns each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 9 st.; and fillies, 8 st. 9 lb.; second receives 300 sovereigns, and the third saves stake; R.M. (1 mile 11 yards). 94 subscribers.

	Jockey.	
Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b c Disraeli, by Galopin—Lady Yardley (Cream, olive green sleeves, red cap)	S. Loates	... 1
Duke of Portland's b c Wantage, by Sheen—Satchel (White, black sleeves and cap)	T. Loates	... 2
Prince Soltykoff's b c Ninus, by Sheen—Nina (Pink, black cap)	R. W. Colling	3

BENDIGO.

Remember the Black Beetles, horrid things, and be sure to tell cook to well sprinkle the floor near the fireplace last thing at night with Keating's Powder, the unrivalled killer of fleas, beetles, moths. Harmless to animals. Sold only in tins, 3d., 6d., and 1s. each.—[Advt.]

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AT POPULAR PRICES.
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BEST & CHEAPEST.
FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, CHILDREN, & THE AGED.
"Admirably adapted to the wants of Infants."—Sir Chas. A. Cameron, M.D.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
In 1-lb. Tins, 1s. each.

THE NEW LEMONADE.
2 Gallons for 4½d.
Many people suffer from extreme thirst during the hot weather. Messrs. Foster Clark & Co. have supplied the want that has so long been felt by making a concentrated lemonade, which is far more economical than the ordinary lemonade. It is made from the finest lemons, and the great advantage is that it is partly manufactured in Italy, in the midst of the lemon orchards. The lemons are taken direct from the trees to the factory to commence their transformation into the Eiffel Tower Lemonade. You can get thirty-two tumblers (or two gallons) for fourpence halfpenny. If you cannot get it from your grocer, send sixpence to G. Foster Clark & Co., No. 51, Eiffel Tower Factory, Maidstone. Sole manufacturers of "Eiffel Tower Lemonade."

The NEW WAIST BELT
Changes the form of the waist from oval to round, making it look two to three inches smaller, though its measurement remains really unaltered. It holds the blouse or shirt without hooks or clips in the exact position in which it is once placed. Invaluable for all sports. *Hints to the boudoir sent free on application.*
Send waist measure.
No. 1 price 3s. 6d. post free 3s. 8d.
" 2 " 2s. 6d. " 2s. 8d.
" 3 " 1s. " 1s. 2d.
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Leaves no Scratches on Silver, Electroplate, Brass, Nickel, &c., and will make a most brilliant polish that does not easily tarnish.
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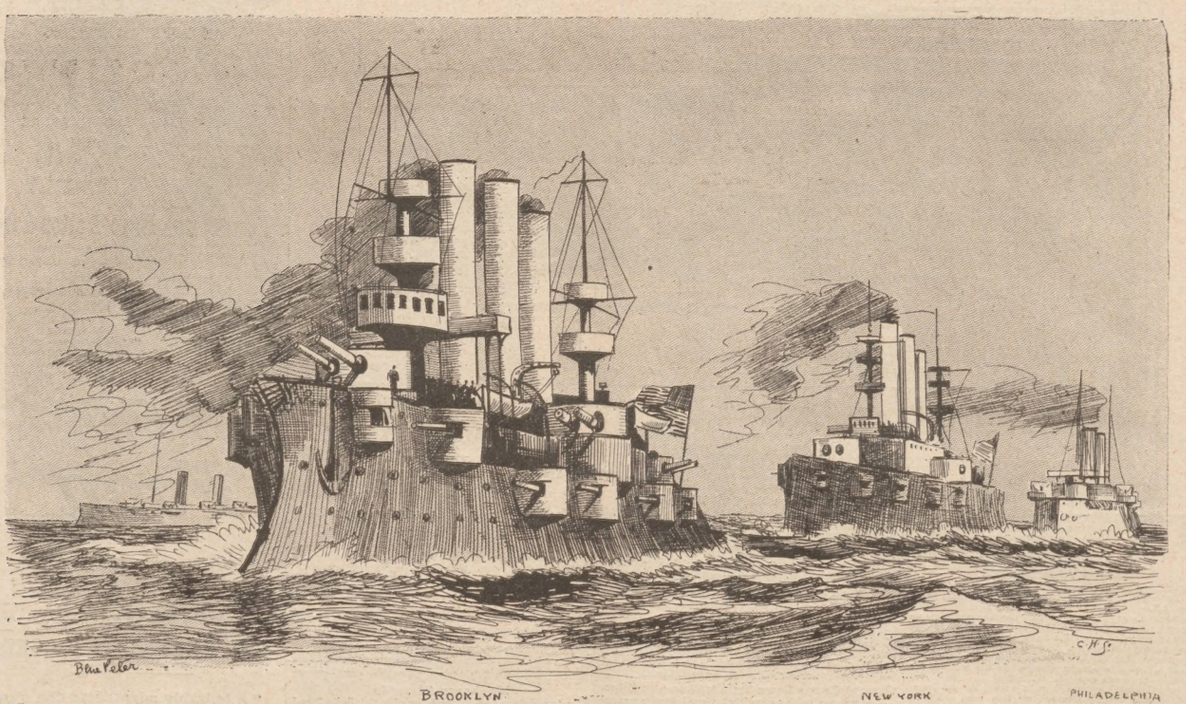
the Polisher.

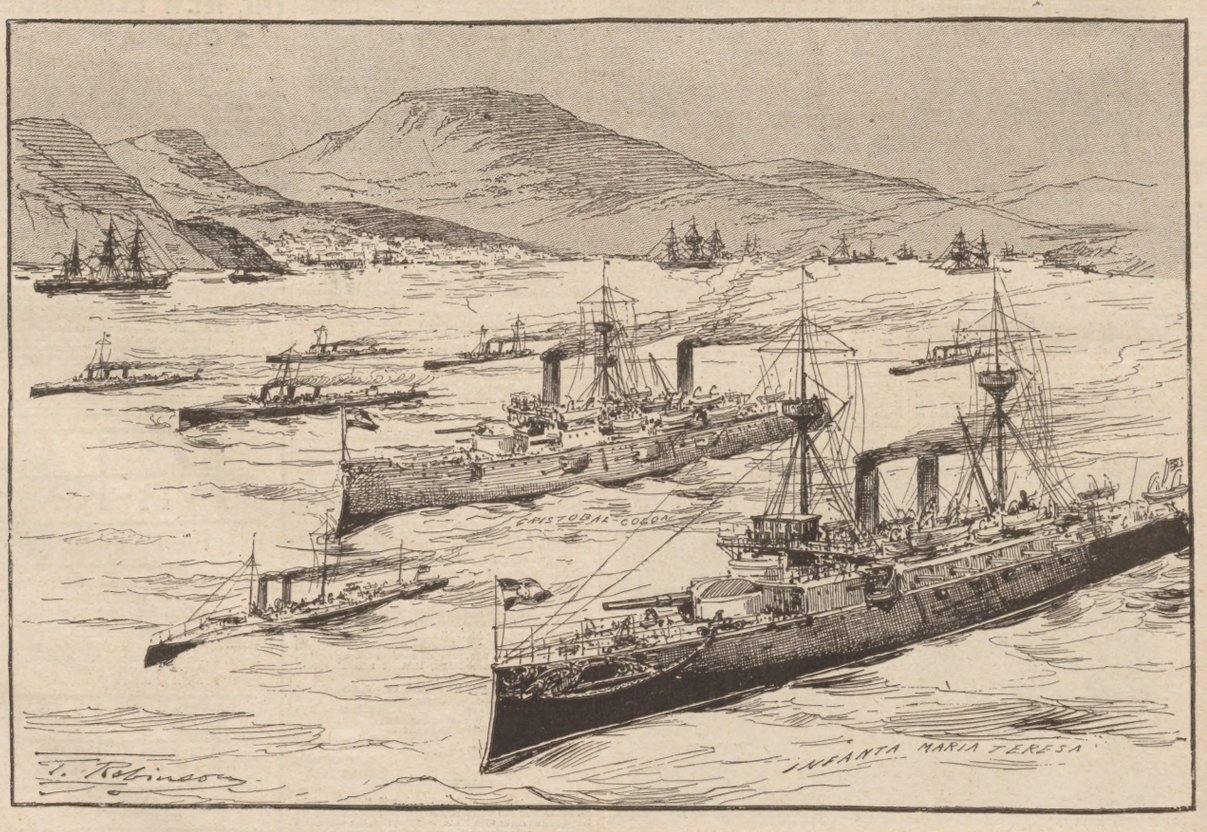
All Classes Buy "PICK-ME-UP."

THE WAR BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.



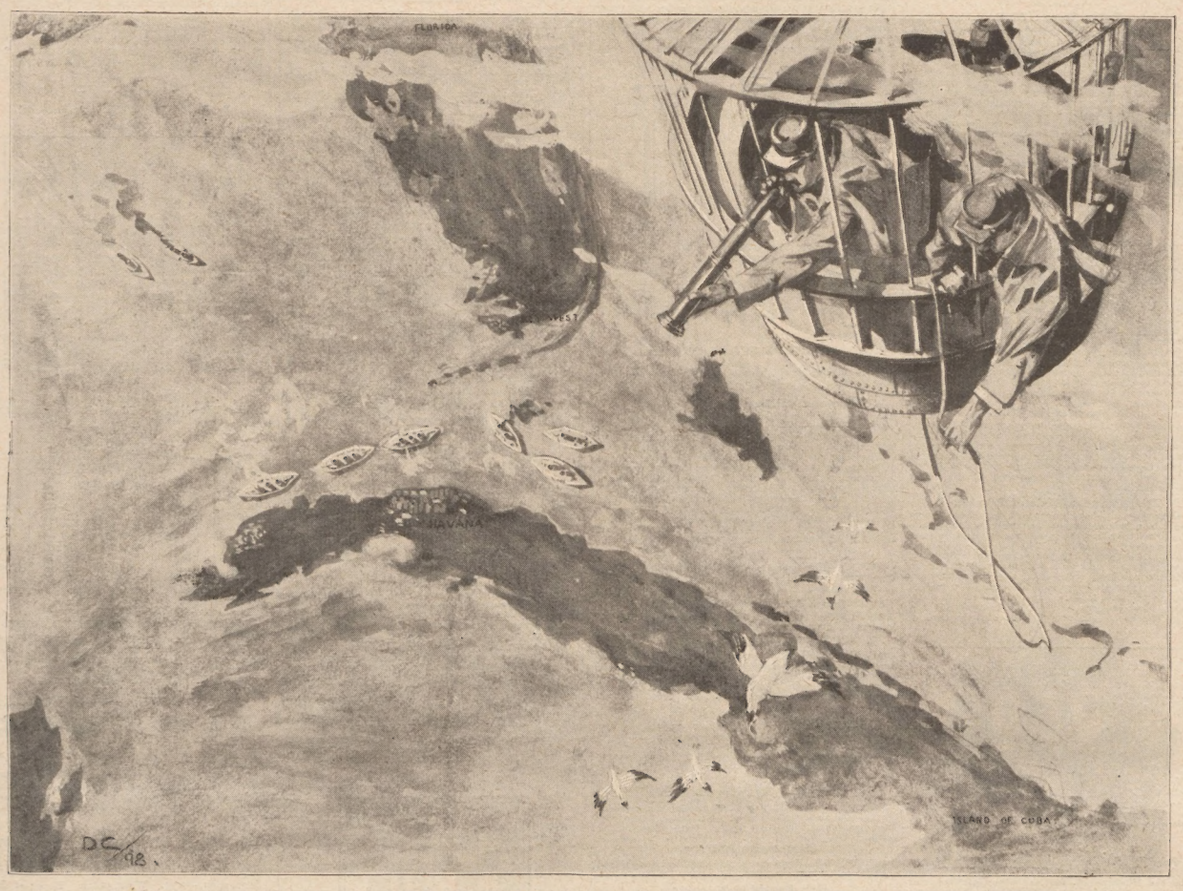
"Blue Peter" sends us some sketches of the heavily gunned—perhaps too heavily gunned—war-ships of the American Navy. Of Admiral Sampson's Fleet the *Brooklyn* carries eight 8-in. and twelve 5-in. quick-firing guns, the *New York* six 8-in. and twelve 4-in. quick-firing guns. Each has a thin belt of armour—very little on the *Brooklyn*; and each has fairly thick armour, about 8-in. steel, on the 8-in. guns. They are able to make about eighteen knots or so at sea. The *Philadelphia*, which nominally belongs—or did belong—to the same Squadron, carries twelve 6-in. guns, not quick-firers. At the present moment an old battle-ship, the *Texas*, has been attached to the Squadron, but this presumably is merely a very temporary measure. The Americans may bombard Havana, but they are not likely to attempt anything very definite till they have met and beaten, or possibly been beaten by, the Spanish Fleet

ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S DEPARTURE FROM KEY WEST FOR CUBA:
'BLUE PETER'S" SKETCH OF THE FLAG-SHIP "NEW YORK" AND OTHER U.S. WAR-SHIPS.



SPANISH WAR-SHIPS AND TORPEDO-BOATS AT ST. VINCENT, CAPE VERDE ISLANDS.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.



BALLOON VIEW OF THE BLOCKADE OF CUBA: (IMAGINARY PICTURE FROM "FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY").

THE ENTRANCE TO HAVANA HARBOUR: MORRO CASTLE AND FORT PUNTA, NEAR WHICH THE "MAINE" SANK.

Rural Life.

BY THE "P.I.P." COTTAGE FARMER.

Dairy Cows: Milk.

ANY times in this column I have shown that the production of milk for daily sale in connection with a round or a town dairy is about the most remunerative of rural industries. How profitable is it! Take its daily turnover on a round serving customers with a morning and afternoon supply, and make a calculation. By first-class farming milk costs to produce, taking the year round, and relying on a well-worked-up herd of good milk yielders, let us say

1s. per Barn Gallon (8 Quarts).

Milk sells in most towns retail at 4d. per quart, or 2s. 8d. per gallon. Twice daily the cows yield their supply, therefore fourteen times weekly the output of the herd is convertible into cash. The conversion is at the rate of about

170 per Cent. Profit

on the milk turned out at a cost of 1s. and sold at 2s. 8d. per barn gallon. Now the cost of 1s. is covering the rent of land, the cost of replacing and keeping up the herd, and all the farmer's expenses at the farm. Against the 170 per cent. profit has to be written off the cost of delivery and any losses and bad debts that may occur. Good traders with a regular, steady-going connection should lose little or nothing by bad debts; but suppose we write off 5 per cent. from the earnings for that contingency, and next consider the cost of the

Delivery of the Milk.

By road and horse conveyance milk may travel twelve or fifteen miles and be in time fresh for the delivery. I do not propose that mode of transit, however, because a horse should be fresh to do the round after drawing the churns of milk from the railway-station. Let the farmer be twenty, thirty, or forty miles from his customer, he is still in close touch—he has the

Railway as a Mode of Transit.

and rail carriage is to-day cheaper than any other—though it would be a great advantage to farmers and town consumers alike if the railway companies were to reduce the rates for provisions of all kinds. He has only to keep his horse and milk-cart in town and he is "on the job." Give him, say, three churns of milk twice daily to get rid of. He can do that with one horse and man at a cost of £2 10s. per week. Three railway churns, each holding 8½ barn gallons, or 204 quarts in all, at 4d. per quart, equals £3 8s. every delivery. That fourteen times a week equals £47 12s. weekly. We have nothing to do here with the herd of

A WORKING HERD.

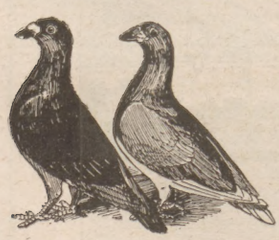
cows and their yield, as we began by counting the cost of milk production at 1s. per barn gallon. What comes against the 170 per cent. besides railway carriage, cost of delivery and losses? Nothing! A good milk business—that is to say, a connection—is

A Little Gold-Mine.

The goodwill of such a business is worth a good sum, and will always sell at an enormous price.

Homing Pigeons.

The Homer is the messenger pigeon of the day. The type is well illustrated in the sketch. In breeding Homers great reliance is placed upon pedigree and strain. The long-distance flyer is a bird bred by selection from parents who have proven themselves to excel in the homing faculty. The handsomest Homer of no character from parentage may turn out a rank duffer at long-distance flying, and the veriest weed in appearance may possess the faculty in the



TYPICAL HOMERS.

highest degree. When skilled breeders are following up the fancy, they know by their diaries and stud-books the possibilities of every bird they rear. Of course, great care is taken in the training of the young birds. Care is also taken to have them in good condition for the work that is expected of them. From one mile to five, from five to ten or twenty, gradually increasing the distances as the birds improve and learn to come straight home till they can be sent distances of

Fifty or One Hundred Miles,

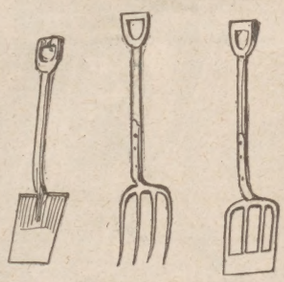
is the practice. Intelligence, it will be thus seen, plays an important part in the endowment of the homing pigeon. Sight and memory are also necessary faculties. Blind pigeons, or those that have been hooded and flown, fly aimlessly about. If they had some special homing instinct, apart from those named above, they would fly in the right direction. Birds in a fog soon get lost. In Homers there are two classes that must not be confounded. The Show Homer is a show bird proper, and is useless for homing or long-distance flying.

In Breeding Pigeons

a dry and well-ventilated house or loft is essential. Nests may be arranged around the walls and plenty of light must be afforded by means of skylights and other windows. On the top of a house or the top floor or attic of a dwelling will be a good place for a pigeon-cote—the higher it is up the better. As good a food as can be named at once for pigeons is the maple pea. Some fanciers use tic beans.

Spades and Digging.

In my sketch a spade-fork is shown. This is a most useful tool in wet and heavy land, and one that is not nearly so much used as it should be. In wet digging the spade soon becomes clogged, when the spade-fork will cut and dig cleanly. In breaking up new ground it is necessary, if good work be required, to cut down into and lift the whole of the spit that is being tilled. A round or round-pointed spade does this work improperly. It only lifts the graft that it levers up, and bits of the lower strata are left that should come to the surface. In some parts of the country long-handled tools are in vogue. The digger using a long-handled spade cannot put his back and thighs into his work. He works with his arms chiefly, and therefore only brings a part of his strength into play. In



A USEFUL SET OF TOOLS.

the tools illustrated will be noticed the bend in the shaft near the head. This bend gives effective leverage to the tool.

"One-and-All Gardening" for 1898,

edited by Mr. Edward Owen Greening, will be found a most serviceable annual, stock full of useful hints for amateur working gardeners, cottagers, and allotment-holders. The gardening calendar and original articles by distinguished horticulturists cannot fail to instruct all who delight to see the apple-tree blossoms, the lilac, may, and laburnums, wallflowers, violets, hyacinths, and primroses brightening their gardens in merry springtime. Note also the portraits of the devoted Editor and his wife, and the numerous floral illustrations in this highly valuable though remarkably cheap handbook—to be had post free for 4d. in penny stamps from the office of the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, 3, Agar Street, Strand, W.C.

Bees.

"M. B."—How many pounds' weight of live bees are there in each box? They should run about 6lb. £1 2s. is an extra price.

Small Tool for Making Drills.

"J. E. B."—Sorry I did not keep the address. The tool is advertised in the gardening papers.

Price of Cows.

"C. W. R."—About £12 to £14. Buy a heifer dropping her second calf if you can. I will send you the address of a dealer in well-bred dairy cows. Your cow's udder is congested and needs a continual rubbing and anointing with pure fat or oil; elder oil is good.

Sale of Honey.

"J. S. B."—Why don't you join in a co-operative dealing association? Honey sells fairly well, and you need have no trouble to find purchasers. Do you advertise? 12s. 6d. per swarm and box is a low price, and perhaps some reader may see it and write me, when I will send on the address. What price the honey?

Campines—Eggs for Hatching.

"Enquirer."—Try the paper I am sending you a copy of by post with an advertisement if you do not find Campines there mentioned. They are scarce. Price about 6s. per setting.

Himalayan Rabbits.

"J. W. Y."—Himalayans are small white-skinned rabbits, with black ears, feet, and tail.

Grit-Crushing Machine.

"P. W. Q."—Write to Spratts' Patent, Bermondsey, London.

Chickens Ailing.

"J. M. R."—I should say that your premises are foul and poultry-sick. Is it damp? The first disease you describe is gapes. The second is apoplexy. Get Spratts' Patent's Little 3d. book, "The Common-Sense of Poultry Keeping," and you will learn from that how to prevent both.

Starting a Street Stall.

"Mountaineer."—Or, why not say a shop in a busy, poor neighbourhood? Your best way to proceed will be to find out how to buy fruit, what fruit to sell, and where to sell it. I cannot advise you further. If you had only a half-crown and a basket, and you could start at a street corner or go from house to house, you would be sure to sell some fruit. If you take a shop, it is only dealing with single customers on a larger scale.

Mushroom Spawn and Cow-dung.

"Thor."—I never yet succeeded in growing mushrooms well in cow-dung, and do not think it possible in such a small bulk as you mention. As for keeping on for two years—well! Send me your address, and I will post you a paper containing advice to mushroom-growers if you don't find sufficient in the *P.I.P.*, which often contains good notes on that subject in this column.

Pheasants' Eggs in April.

"D.Q."—Pheasants' eggs are quite plentiful now. They are worth about 1s. each. During April they sell for 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. I can tell you, if you send me your address, where to get a few hundreds every week at the price I name. Yes, you will find it "ticklish work," as you call it, to rear seventy-five birds from every one hundred eggs, but I have known better luck than that with them.

Our Readers

who write to complain of the difficulty they sometimes experience in getting copies should prevent disappointment by doing as I do—namely, give a standing order to the nearest newsagent to supply *The Penny Illustrated Paper* regularly every Friday morning all the year round; or if you live at a distance from any town, subscribe in advance at the *P.I.P.* Office. Terms: For the United Kingdom: Yearly 6s. 6d.; half-yearly, 3s. 3d.; quarterly, 1s. 8d.; Christmas Number, 9d. extra. Abroad, Yearly, 8s. 8d.; half-yearly, 4s. 4d.; Christmas Number, 9d. extra. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct by Post Office Order, payable at the East Strand Post Office to Ingram Brothers, Publishers of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, London. The last number due on a subscription is posted in a coloured wrapper.

N.B.—The writer of "Rural Life" will be pleased to reply to correspondence sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, London, W.C. All readers should order their copies in advance of the nearest Newsagent, or at the *P.I.P.* Office.

Two Newspaper Boys witnessed a performance of "Hamlet." In the last scenes, after Hamlet has killed Laertes and the King, and the Queen has died of poisoning, and Hamlet of a poisoned wound, one of the boys exclaimed: "I say, Jim, what a fine old time that must have been for 'extra specials!'"

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY I. GUNSBERG.

Re PROBLEM NO. 217.—A correspondent writes to point out that there is a second solution by 1. Q to K 6th (ch), Kt takes Q; 2. B to B 3rd, mate.

Re PROBLEM NO. 218.—The author seems to have omitted a Black Pawn on Q R 6th.

J. E. SMART.—1. Q to R 2nd, B takes Q; 2. B takes Kt, mate, is quite right, as the author's solution.

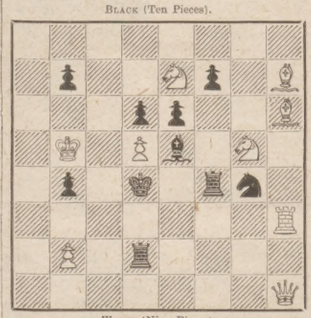
NOVICE.—You are quite right. P to K R 4th would have given White a good chance for a draw.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 219.

1. K to Kt 5th	K to Q 6th	2. Q to R 3rd, mate.	
1. ,,	P ,, Q 6th	2. Q takes K P	,,
1. ,,	P ,, K 5th	2. P to B 4th	,,
1. ,,	K ,, B 5th	2. Q ,, R 6th	,,

PROBLEM NO. 220.—By J. P. ANDREWS.

BLACK (Ten Pieces).



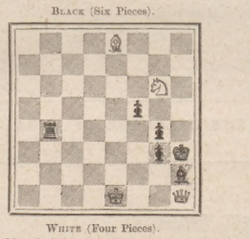
WHITE (Nine Pieces).

White to play, and mate in two moves.

INGENUITY.

The great player charms us with the ingenuity which he invents as he proceeds, so to speak, with his game. He, however, is hampered by having to deal with the opposition of his opponent, and having always to bear in mind that his primary object is to win the game. Not so, however, is it with the composer, with whom the pieces are as clay in the potter's hand, willing and plastic to assume any shape that his ingenuity might invent. It is an open question whether ingenuity of the latter kind is a great help towards ingenuity in play. In the one case there is no resistance, in the other case there is. However that may be, one cannot fail to be charmed at all times with the composer's skill, which is far ahead of anything that can be produced over the board. To this category we must assign the following end-game position invented by a Russian composer, M. Troitzky, of St. Petersburg, who dedicated it to Pillsbury. We will give both the problem and the solution to save our readers further trouble—

BLACK (Six Pieces).



WHITE (Four Pieces).

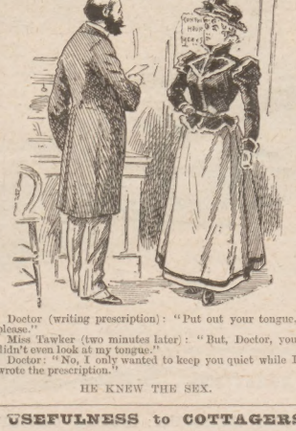
The problem is White to play and win, and the best solution is as follows—

1. B to B 6th	R to Kt 8 (ch)	4. Kt to B 4th (ch) K to Kt 8th
2. K to K 2nd	R takes Q	5. K to K 1st P to Kt 7th
3. B to Kt 2 (ch)	K takes B	6. Kt to K 2nd; mate

Ingenuity can go no further.

CHESS IN THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.

If we examine the history of Nations for the last thousand years, we find that when a nation stood at the zenith of its fame, it excelled in Chess. Persia, India, Byzantine Empire, Italian cities, Spain, France, Germany, England, and America all wielded the chess sceptre in turns. The Spaniards used to be intensely fond of the game two or three centuries back, but now there is hardly a strong player to be found in the Peninsula. Curiously enough, by far and away the strongest Spanish players, Senores Golmayo, Carvajl, and Vasquez, all reside in Cuba, and are members of the Havana Chess Club. New York alone could provide a team of a hundred players stronger than any which could be furnished by the whole of Spain.



Doctor (writing prescription): "Put out your tongue, please."

Miss Tawker (two minutes later): "But, Doctor, you didn't even look at my tongue."

Doctor: "No, I only wanted to keep you quiet while I wrote the prescription."

HE KNEW THE SEX.

DRAUGHTS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 176.—By "TWO HOLY BOYS."

Black: 3, 15, 18, 21, 14K, 29K, 32K.
White: 10, 11, 16, 30, 31, 2K, 13K.

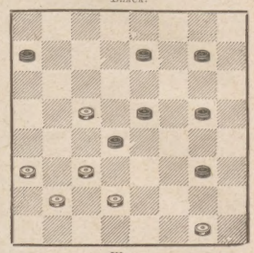
White to move, and win.

13 17	17 22	31 27	11 8	2 27
14—7	18—25	32—23	3—19	W. wins.

PROBLEM NO. 177.

By RALPH T. WARD (Herefordshire).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and win.

NOTE.—The student should endeavour to solve the above position from the diagram.

GAME NO. 130.

Played between Mr. COLLINS (Black), of Blundeston, and Mr. W. BENSTEAD (White), of Lowestoft.

Mr. Collins's move.

11—16	29 25	4— 8	27 24	6— 9
22 18	7—10	25 22	9—13	14 10
16—19	18 14	7—11	18 14	9—18
24 15	10—17	22 18	11—18	10 3
10—19	21 14	5— 9	24 15	5— 9
23 16	9—18	32 27	18—22	28 24
12—19	22 15	1— 5	26 17	
25 22	3— 7	24 20	13—22	W. wins.
8—12	27 24	2— 7a	31 27	

(a) 19—23, 26 19, 9—14, 18 9, 11—18, etc., draws—W. BENSTEAD.

ENGLISH DRAUGHTS CHAMPIONSHIP.

The great match which commenced at Liverpool on April 9 was brought to a close on the 14th inst., with the following result: First prize, £20, W. Gardner, Leeds; Second prize, £10, H. Jacob, London: Third prize, £6, A. Jordan, London; and Fourth prize, £4, A. Cain, Liverpool.

THE PENNY LAWYER.

["Lex" will be happy to reply to short and simple questions of law. Queries should be addressed to "The Editor of The Penny Illustrated Paper," 198, Strand, London, and must be accompanied by the proper names and addresses—in confidence. Replies given to name or initials, as desired. Questions must be written on one side of the paper only. No replies can be sent direct by post.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FATHER.—It is best to consult a solicitor to draw deed. Stamp, 10s.

ALDEBURGH.—1874. Westminster. House of Lords. 37 and 38 Vic., c. 49.

BINGHAM.—No.

PAVEMENT.—If you have no friends at N., you may experience some difficulty. A local Trade Protection Society may help you.

EGLOSERME.—We are sorry to see the contents of your letter and enclosures. Your informant is quite correct. £50 is the maximum penalty.

VANT.—We should advise you to have nothing more to do with these people. Have you applied for return of the twelve shillings? If not, there would be no harm in doing so. None of the prizes ever seem to come to En_land.

H. H.—If they left them at their own risk you would not be liable.

POOR GIRL.—Apply to the magistrate for the summons.

ASSISTANT.—You are liable personally for the amount, unless your late employer made himself liable for the bill.

L. T.—(1) You should have the bill taxed and be prepared with evidence. (2) Yes. (3) Apply to registrar for return of half the hearing fee. (4) A notice should be given to the registrar before he signs the bill, specifying items objected to.

LEX.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—Illus. Guide (259 pgs.), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Rd., Ldn., 50 yrs.' reputation. Hairdressers fitted. Mgr., H. MYERS.—[ADVT.]

INDIGNANT BICYCLIST: "Madam, your dog snaps at me every time I pass. Here he comes now." (Starts off hurriedly.)

Country Lady: "Sport! Sport! You silly dog. Come here. Them ain't bones; them's *legs*."

THE SORROWS OF CYCLISTS.

"P.I.P." NEW STORIES.

A Bush Elopement.

By MAYNE LINDSAY,

Author of "The Masters of the Art," etc.

[COPYRIGHT.]

CHAPTER I.

THE LOVERS' TRYST

LARRY WESTOVER drew rein in the dusk behind the line of gums that backed Gemmell's homestead, and a hissing thunder-shower spat in his face as the west wind raced up from the endless plains. The sunset was a dim smear of crimson and orange upon a bank of purple clouds, and the whole sky frowned storms and tempests and mutterable things. But Larry only laughed. He had ridden twenty miles from Jubilee township, over squatters' barbed-wire fencing, through a flooded creek, and across the aching desolation of Murdering Gully, and he was well qualified to laugh at such a trifle as a Victorian winter storm. Besides, he was courting—and what lover ever cared for the weather?

The straggling outline of the house—one-storeyed, zinc-roofed, and indescribably forlorn against the empty landscape—forbade a nearer acquaintance. There was a feud of long standing between old Gemmell and the senior Westover; and the clan Gemmell, whose pioneer had left his country for his country's good, had totted up many scores for which Larry could have been challenged to pay the reckoning. He waited in the gloom until a shawled figure crept out across the paddock, and then he swung down from his saddle and, with the bridle hitched over his arm, walked out to meet it

"Hello, Sarah!"

A thin weed of a girl slipped into his arms and clung to him. He looked down at the sallow face—half child's, half woman's—and kissed it.

"My word, girl! you 're shaking all over; What is it now? I was bound to come, you know."

"Yes, and I wish you wouldn't, Larry. Dad and the boys are mad with you, and there 'd be black murder if they caught you here. Ah, now Larry, don't laugh at me! There would."

But Larry, with his strong arms about the girl, was ready to defy the world.

"Black murder. Oho!" He laughed. "There's lots of things to be afraid of before that. You mustn't croak, my girl. Here I 've ridden twenty miles through a blooming tornado to see your sweet little face, and by gum I 'm bound to do it, over and over again, till you chuck this particular free selection and set up as Missis Larry. It's a powerful fine title, Sarah. And it only wants a little bit of cheek to leave the old lot and take up with me. I 'll treat you fair: trust me."

"You! Oh, I 'd trust you to the end of the world," said the girl, and she put her lean brown hands about his face and drew it down to hers. "Don't you make a mistake about that. It 's—them."

"Well, them. What have they been doing now?"

"Larry, I believe they 're beginning to think there 's something up between you and me. It turns me sick and cold to think of it."

"They wouldn't be far out, either," chuckled Larry. "Love at first sight 's our complaint, I guess. It 's been quick work with me, I know, and when I get on to a job, I 'm bound to worry it through. Well, well, and if your dad and the boys think I 'm going off with their little Sarah, let 'em think. They 'll wake one fine morning to find you flown, eh? Come now, when is it to be, my dear? I 'm not the waiting sort, and by George, I want you pretty badly all the time!"

"Dad said if—if he found you—f—fooling round here he 'd knife you. And I bub—bub—believe him, Larry. You mustn't come any more. You 've got to go away and f—forget me—now—this minute."

"Not if I know it!" Larry's tone was defiant, but the manner in which he dragged a flaming red handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the winking eyes was fatherly and tender. "Forget you, Sarah? Not much. And if they don't like my hanging round here, why I 'll bring another horse and a side-saddle any day you like, my precious, and whip you off to Jubilee. There 's the license burning a hole in my best coat's pocket at home now."

Sarah caught her breath at the audacity of the thing.

"But that don't make it any better," she said. "They 'd wait for you somewhere, and—and I should never forget them for a second, Larry. You don't know them like I do." Her memory supplied her with some childish recollection, and her eyes filled with terror. "Dad don't stick at anything, and George——"

"I can fight a bit, myself," said Larry pensively. "And if one can't exactly plug one's relations by marriage, there 's law and order to back a fellow up. No, it 'd be all right once we were spliced. I 'd take that berth down at Creevey's—that 's a hundred and fifty miles off—and out of sight out of mind, you know."

But Sarah was not to be convinced. She nestled closer to her lover and sobbed into the breast of his coat, and Larry whispered many tender things, not to be told above his breath, into her ear. The rain tore through the gums, and streaked down upon them, while a furious wind rent the clouds asunder, and drove them in smoking, ragged wreaths across the evening sky. A blinding flash of lightning zig-zagged out, and Larry became conscious that the storm was all about them.

"Whee-ew!" he whistled. "This is a storm! Sarah, my heart, you 're soaking wet; and you must kiss me good-bye and run away as soon as we 've settled when . . . Ah! Chuck it, you brute!"

The horse had laid back his ears at the lightning flash, and was staring with frightened eyeballs. When the thunder boomed he backed, his hoofs squelching on the soft ground, and neighed a terrified protest against the fury of the elements. A door in the back of the house opened almost simultaneously, and a second lightning flash showed the rendezvous among the gums to all whom it might concern. A quick shiver ran through Sarah, and Larry felt her hands clutch appealingly at his coat.

"Larry, it 's father! He saw us. Oh, go—go! He 'll kill you, sure. And oh, what shall I do?"

The sudden crisis pulled Larry together, and he paused for a brief breathing space as thoughts marshalled themselves in his mind. This was danger indeed. Not for himself, for his horse was more than a match for any weeds that the Gemmells might muster, if pursuit was to be the order of the day, but for the girl. The murder was out, and to leave her behind would be to give her over to a black fate indeed. But—how would Dandy stand the twenty miles with a double burden? For the moment he cursed his own recklessness, and then he threw regret behind him and took action.

"There 's only one thing to be done, my girl." He tightened the horse's girth, and looked him over critically. "You 've got to say by-bye to Gemmell's lot this minute, and pop up in front of me. I 'll steer you safe out of the mess, never fear."

CHAPTER II.

THE FLIGHT FROM GEMMELL'S HOMESTEAD.

There was no time for protest or hesitation. The girl had a knowledge of what lay behind her that made the present fear grin at her with appalling vividness. She gave one sharp sob of mixed emotion—an emotion in which it may be said that regret for the Gemmell homestead did not find a place—and then Westover had tossed her on the saddle, and was up behind her. She held on to him, and Dandy moved out of the line of the guns.

A hoarse bellow came from the house. A grey-haired man with the face of a wolf was running towards them out of the dusk, and he had a gun in his hand. Behind, there was a dim blur of a lean younger figure, that had dragged a couple of horses from a shed and was saddling them, and the doorway to the main building was buzzing with Gemmells, swarming and scuffling out into the rain. The grey man fired, and a spatter of bullets cut through the gum-leaves above Larry's head.

"They 've been drinking all day," jerked out Sarah, as Dandy plunged forward with a long stride and galloped into the open plain, with the circle of the storm wheeling in the sky above. "Oh, Larry, what shall we do if they catch us?"

"Catch us!" said Larry, with a confidence he was very far from feeling. "Not they. We 've got a good start and Dandy 's a flyer, and once the night comes we 'll be as safe as if we were snug in Jubilee. Cheer up, little girl. I 'll see you through. Old man can't shoot worth much, neither."

"That was only the shot-gun that stands behind the door," said Sarah. "He 'll bring his revolver along. He 's mad with the drink now."

They raced over the level pasture. The sky had opened a rift of opal in which the evening star twinkled; and in the gleaming light Larry, looking back, saw Gemmell and his son heave themselves into their saddles and lurch out into a fierce gallop of pursuit. A wild gust of wind caught Larry's wideawake, and sent it spinning and dancing away to rearward; and the man, which was wearing itself out in one last frantic downpour, whipped about his uncovered head. Gemmell tossed his arms, and might have been shouting curses upon his flying daughter, but the wind smothered every sound to Larry but the beat of Dandy's hoofs and Sarah's frightened breathing above his heart.

Stride for stride Dandy kept his distance, but he gained nothing, and it was evident that he was exerting his utmost powers. Before them lay a long three miles of open country, then the dip among the dying lightwoods through the cleft of Murdering Gully, and then the swollen creek, running a "banker" as it swirled towards the river. Larry's heart was heavy, and the stretch of pasture was flung behind in silence. He slackened speed to pick his way down the bank that encompassed the Gully, and the Gemmells gained ground accordingly. Dandy was still treading delicately along the slope, strewn with fallen trees and scattered branches, and honeycombed with rabbit-holes, when the two pursuers were silhouetted against the sky-line above.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIGHT FOR LIFE IN MURDERING GULLY.

The elder man gave a yell of triumph and lashed his horse recklessly upon his prey. He had struck the top of the Gully rather higher up than Larry had done, and it gave him an advantage he was quick to take. He charged down the slope without heed of hoof-fall, and his revolver snapped out wickedly. The bullet sang over Dandy's flank, and buried itself in the earth some thirty feet beyond.

"Oh, go on!" said Larry, finding sudden voice and reassurance. "You 'll hit Australia somewhere presently. Drunk? I believe you, Sarah, honey. He couldn't plug a standing hay-stack. He 'll break his precious neck in a minute down the bank. No, my word, he 's kept his feet, and here he comes!"

It was a moment big with event. Some chance had guided the tipsy Gemmell unhurt down a path where no sober man could have ridden at his wild speed, and he had cut across to Dandy's head and was upon them. Sarah gave a scream as she saw the wolfish face glare out of the half-light that flickered at the Gully's bottom; but Larry reined Dandy back to a sudden halt, sprang from the saddle, and raised his stock-whip reversed, as a man might use a life-preserver.

The revolver snapped again, and again the bullet sped by with an evil "whiz." Gemmell charged at the dismounted man with a howl of rage, and lifted his weapon for a certain shot. But as he did so Larry swept upon him like a whirlwind, the revolver spun out of the uplifted hand, and, with a thud as when an ox is felled, the stock-whip handle cracked across Gemmell's jaw, and the man lurched out of the saddle with the blood running from his mouth, and his face smashed like a broken egg-shell.

Larry sprang back to his charge as the enemy collapsed, and laughed aloud. He knew the crippling capacity of that onslaught. But the second pursuer, who had trodden cautiously down the slope, was close upon them now, and there was no time to be lost. Again Dandy sprang out with his double burden, and struck with his free stride once more down the valley. Gemmell still writhed upon the ground, raising himself slowly, with inarticulate curses, and his horse trailed its bridle slowly away over the rough ground.

"So much for daddy!" said Larry. "We 'll show George a clean pair of heels, I 'm thinking!"

But the man behind was not to be shaken off. He was barely twenty yards in their rear, and he thundered in pursuit all down the lonely Gully, where every tree craned and swayed to watch, as it had watched the same tragedy long years before. The rain had given over now, and the wind was dropping with the night. There was still thunder, but it had rolled into the distance, and the streaks of lightning were few and far between. The Southern Cross was beginning to shape through the cloud-rack.

"Sarah!" said Larry's voice into her ear. "Will you risk a bit for me?"

"What is it, Larry? Is it—is it worse than what 's just gone? That was awful enough."

"Oh, it isn't fighting," said Larry consolingly. "We 've done with that, I believe. It 's the creek, my girl. Dandy can swim like a fish, but I doubt if he 'd care about the two of us. I 'm going to slip off and paddle beside him with my hand upon his neck, and you must just sit tight, man-fashion, in the saddle, and head him across and up stream. That 's all. And if—if anything happens to me, trust to Dandy and ride on like the devil. Excuse swearing before ladies. Don't wait, but ride—ride—ride. D'you follow me?"

"Yes. But oh, Larry, if anything should happen!"

"Well, you can pray a bit if you like. I 've heard it 's considered a good thing in a tight place. There, there, my girl, don't fret. You 've been a brave 'un so far: hold out now to the end. So—and here 's the creek."

* * * * *

It was the creek indeed: a turbulent flood streaming past its narrow banks, here heaving a dead sheep on its breast, there foaming round some partially submerged red gum which but twenty-four hours since had been high and dry to its roots. Sarah caught her breath at the sight, for she guessed the force of the hurrying water, and she knew the danger in it.

The hoofs behind clattered very near, but Larry neither turned his head nor paused. Dandy shivered as the water surged over his legs, up, up, to the bellyband, and then with a snort he launched himself into the stream, and it seemed to Sarah as if the water had suddenly swelled about them with the noise of thunder. Then she saw that Larry had splashed down beside her, and that in the swirl and giddiness of the yellow, eddying torrent his head bobbed beside Dandy's, and his hand held firmly to the mane.

George Gemmell pulled up short upon the bank. He was not ready to trifle with the leering death in the creek below him, not even for the ancestral feud, and he stared at the swimming enemy, stupefied by his sudden escape. Capture had seemed certain the moment before, for he had looked for Larry to turn and race along the bnk to the ford. Now, if he escaped the anger of the stream, he would be safe from all pursuit. George watched, his anger cooling to admiration.

They were in mid-stream now, and the water bubbled with a hissing voice, and the current swept and battled against them. Dandy fought for all he was worth, and Sarah, clinging in silent terror to the saddle, saw Larry's brave face appear and disappear, as he was dragged back and then clave through the torrent again and drew level, with the water streaming over him. Down, down, down they whirled with the stream, heading always against it, and capturing inch by inch and foot by foot in dogged silence. Once Sarah shut her eyes at the sudden horror of a great log smashing by; but it whirled round as it passed them, and so they escaped it as if by the hand of Providence. And then, just when strength seemed to be failing and the tight to be lost, Larry gave a joyful cry and dropped the mane. His feet had touched the bottom.

They paused upon the bank to get breath and strength again, and Larry was not too exhausted to wave a defiant hand to the watcher across the stream.

"Happy 's the wooing that 's not long-a-doing," he said, as he lifted the girl to the saddle once more. "And the least you can do after this little evening canter, my girl, is to marry me to-morrow. Oh, but won't your daddy have the toothache; Ta-ta, George."

He swung himself up upon Dandy, and a crisp clear-cut night, which had stolen up out of the wreck of the tempest, watched Sarah cast her arms about him, and saw them end their stormy ride in peace.

THE END.

ROSALIND'S LONDON FASHIONS.

QUITE balmy, befitting the coming of May's green mantle, has been the weather of late—though not mild enough to warrant the abandonment of warm clothing yet. To begin at the top, in Fig. 1 you see sketched a simple Spring hat, trimmed on the new lines, which combines with its simplicity, style, and that all-important item, becomingness. This is of dark blue silk straw, in the Dolly Vardon, Watteau, or Plate shape (which all tend to the same mode with very slight divergences). Folds of very broad dark blue and white plaid ribbon are twisted round the low round crown, and form a knot of loops and ends at the back where the brim tilts up. In the front the ribbon forms an immense bow spreading right and left, from the centre of which come two large dark blue mercury wings. At the back, under the brim, nestles a bunch of pale yellow roses, which form a very pretty finish to this stylish chapeau.

THE NEWEST SPRING HAT.

* * * * *

As Regards the Wear of Capes or Jackets, the law has gone forth, it seems, for this sea-on, that jackets are to be worn for mornings and tailor-made

WHITE POPLIN CAPE FOR MAY.

occasions only; and that, when the weather and style of the outdoor toilette for any dressy occasion makes a wrap of some kind desirable, the cape is to be the thing. Fig. 2 is of white poplin, cut quite short—only just to waist—and full. It is lined wit salmon-pink satin, and trimmed with a very full ruff of black chiffon, and ruching of the same entirely edging it round. Above the chiffon ruching, and half-way up the fronts, is an applique of black lace, outlined here and there with steel spangles. Black satin waist-capes, with ruches of black chiffon from top to bottom, will apparently be much in evidence.

* * * *

To Lawn Tennis Croquet will be added during the home pastimes for young people this Summer; and I am glad to see the latter game revived. In Fig. 3 is introduced a gown for such festive occasions. It is of white flannel or serge; the cut being clearly defined in the sketch. The sailor-collar and entire border of the gown is edged with rows of gold braid, and the waist enzoned by a white leather or kid belt with gold buckle. The white straw sailor-hat has a band of dark blue; the necktie being of the same colour. The shoes, of course, are white.

A SMART TENNIS OR CROQUET DRESS.

BABY SEEMED TO GET STARVED until it was fed with HORLICK'S MALTED MILK, when it immediately commenced to thrive wonderfully. It was the only food it could retain. It saves a lot of Doctors' bills. No cooking or added milk required. A free sample sent, on application, by HORLICK & Co., 34, Farringdon Rd., London, E.C. Send for "Freddy's Diary," post free.—[ADVT.]

THE NEW SERIES OF "P.I.P." STORIETTES will be found most INTERESTING for HOUSEHOLD READING.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

QUEEN CHRISTINA AND MRS. McKINLEY,

now that War has broken out between Spain and the United States over Cuba, must command the heartfelt sympathy of all Englishwomen, from the Queen to the humblest of her subjects. Both these distinguished ladies, the one the reigning Sovereign of an ancient Monarchy with a splendid past, the other the most exalted gentlewoman among our own kith and kin across the seas, have, I believe, the greatest horror of War, and the tenderest compassion for those who must lose their dearest in the dread conflict which has begun. I own it was with earnest sympathy for the sorely tried woman in her most anxious position that I read the description of

The Queen of Spain's

delivery of the Speech from the Throne to the Cortes. While Spanish women command our sincere commiseration at this sad juncture, our hearts naturally go forth to those of our own flesh and blood in America, whose hearts are filled with terrible suspense. It was in accordance with

Mrs. McKinley's

solicitous consideration of the President's heavy State burdens that this model wife should, when the Washington Ultimatum had been telegraphed to Madrid, have left the White House with Mrs. Barbour, her sister, for New York. Mrs. McKinley deemed it wisest to stay with her relations in New York, "so as to leave the President untrammelled in the conduct of the War," as the *Daily Telegraph's* New York Correspondent put it.

The Marquis of Bute's Cardiff Wedding Dowry

is one of the handsomest and most generous gifts I have heard of for some time, and must start certain lucky couples in Wales so comfortably on life's journey at a period when help is needed most to make the outset of matrimony free from the carking cares of poverty (how deplorably depressing many of my readers may have felt!) that I sincerely hope the noble example will be followed by others of our numerous rich families. On April 21 I note the marriage of the first recipient of the Marquis of Bute's wedding dowry—Miss Alice Green—took place at Cardiff, the bridegroom being Mr. William Tanner. At the conclusion of the Church ceremony the wedding-party proceeded to the Town Hall, where they were received by the Mayor, who, as directed by the deed of gift, read the first twelve verses of the second chapter of St. John's Gospel, and then handed to the young lady an envelope containing the dowry—interest on £1000. His worship also, on behalf of the Mayoress, presented Mrs. Tanner with a Bible.

I find that dressmakers are very cautious about giving an opinion upon the subject of the style that will prevail during the summer. It is possible that

The Apron Skirt,

as the mode just now in vogue is called, will continue in favour, as it is decidedly smart, but fashion is so very capricious that who can tell? Muslins will be worn when the hot weather sets in. "How nice and economical!" I hear some of my readers exclaim. Yes, years ago

Muslins were Pretty and Cheap.

But now they are intended to be worn over silk slips, if not actually lined throughout with shot glacé, and when the beautiful and delicate fabric outside gets soiled, creased, and grubby-looking, what happens? The rich woman can have it cleaned, or have a new outside put on the original lining, but the woman with the shallow purse—how often I am obliged to mention her!—must look the other way when she sees the lovely new white and coloured muslins displayed in the windows.

Ribbons are Simply Lovely

this spring. The colouring is harmonious and tasteful. I think that the

Hats are a Little Less Garish

and heavy-looking than they were a few weeks ago. Our old friends

The Blouse and Skirt

have taken out a new lease of life, and are prettier and more tempting than ever! Several very smart blouses are sketched for us in the *Lady's Pictorial* for April 23. Silk shirts are very much in favour. They are made of washing silk, and they give very good wear, especially if they have a lining. Without it, they are apt to give under the arms; they have to be pulled down at the sides, under the belt, and that puts undue pressure upon the stuff.

Canvas

will be worn this season, or a material that looks like canvas, at first sight, but which is in reality a sort of stuff between nun's veiling and grenadine. It is very pretty, but not exactly cheap.

French Cashmere,

in one of the pretty pale colours that seem to go with summer, is very much in demand just now. No woman can feel ill-dressed if she wears a pretty and well-made cashmere frock; and it is economical, as it can be cleaned or dyed.

The Redfern Hat and Costumes

I reproduce from the *Lady's Pictorial* convey good ideas of the latest fashions in the best class of Society, such as will doubtless be in evidence at the Academy Private View on the present Friday. As "Butterfly" remarks, to begin with, there is that

Very Charming Hat

in all its smartness of corn-coloured straw, with airy puffings of white tulle uprising round the crown, and held in the light bondage of bands of cream lace, edged with a tiny ruching, first of black velvet and then of white satin baby-ribbon, all being drawn into a central rosette of velvet and a diamond ornament. But yet this is not all, for the back is turned up with a careless cluster of pink roses and leaves, tied up with black velvet ribbon, and uplifting their pretty heads above the boundary wall of chiffon, so that their beauty may be appreciated from the front as well as from behind, while others cluster modestly on the hair.

And then in the adjoining department at Redfern's famous New Bond Street establishment, where the blouses and skirts are in residence, you will find that effective combination of

Shot Silk and Valenciennes Insertions,

edged with roll rufflings of lace. The collar, too, is finished off with a kilted bow of silk, and down the front goes a plain band, edged with rufflings of lace, and at either side a kilted frill of silk and lace.

Then you must journey up to the mantle department for the sake of that

Pretty Little Cape

which is carried out in rose-pink silk covered with the new crinkled silk gauze, its flower-like softness held down by straps of black velvet ribbon and wee steel buckles. It is all edged with a white kilted frill, embroidered and edged with black; and this is used again for the high collar in conjunction with an inner frilling of rose-pink silk, and some rosettes in the white and black colourings. You will then be captivated at Redfern's by

A Parisian Hat

in fine black fancy straw, lightly sprinkled with jet paillettes, and caught up from the face with a mass of pale-pink roses, while some black ostrich feathers and a big rosette of white chiffon appliqué with black lace, and centred with a diamond ornament, complete its charms.

Holy Innocents' Mission.

Mr. Arthur Chudleigh announces that a matinée performance under the distinguished patronage of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Earl and Countess of Warwick, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie, the Earl and Countess of Kilmorey, and many others, will be given at the Court Theatre on Tuesday, May 17, in aid of the charities connected with Holy Innocents' Mission, Hammersmith. Miss Winifred Emery and Mr. Cyril Maude, Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Seymour Hicks, Miss Cissie Loftus, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Paul Arthur, Mr. Dion Boucicault, and others have kindly promised their services.

If You Want to Know the Time—

I don't say in the words of the comic song, "Ask a policeman," but rather, in order to secure a useful timepiece, apply to Mr. H. Samuel, Market Street, Manchester, for his wonderful shilling catalogue, which must have cost this enterprising and trustworthy jeweller and watchmaker a mint of money to produce, so amply is it illustrated, but which is yet sent, post-free, on application to the above address. Mr. Samuel forwards me with his elaborate catalogue a card pierced with holes for the measurement of ring-fingers; but I own I would have preferred a ring itself, with a brooch and ear-ring or so for review. Still, I am happy to be able to recommend the firm of Samuel for their inexpensive and good jewellery, for their warranted lever watches, and for a thousand other desirable articles, including cheap clocks and dressing-cases, delineated in this extraordinary catalogue, which I am pleased to make known to our readers the wide world over. By the way, I learn that in Paris ladies wear more rings than ever. If the fair sex on this side the Channel follow this fashion, then will such big establishments as Mr. Samuel's have to be made larger still.

Messrs. Leathley and Co., of Leeds,

inform us that their prize competition has just concluded. No competitor was successful in estimating the exact number of yards sold of the two cloths put forward for competition. Each first prize was to be £15; but they have offered the two nearest competitors £10 worth of goods, whereas they were according to the rules of the competition only entitled to a cash prize of 20s.

A Double London Wedding.

The marriage of Mr. Arthur Trehern Norton, C.B., to Miss Lucy Maude Crosse, and of Captain Owen C. Argles (Indian Staff Corps) to Miss Alice May Crosse took place at All Souls,

FASHIONABLE HAT, BLOUSE, AND CAPE AT REDFERN'S.

A CHARMING NEW BLOUSE.

THE NEWEST SPRING HAT.

A PRETTY CAPE FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY PRIVATE VIEW.

"P.I.P." SPECIAL CYCLIST'S SNAP-SHOT.

The King's Stone.

Those whose object is not to get over the greatest distance in the shortest time, but who are content with a moderate spin of twelve miles from London, cannot make a better choice for a ride than the delightful old town of Kingston-on-Thames. Kingston, like Reigate, does not encourage record-breakers, and has rather fallen into disrepute among some classes of cyclists from the number of cases of "scorching" brought up by the local police; but, being on the road to Ripley, the place is so thronged with cycles that it is no doubt necessary that somewhat stricter supervision should be exercised here than elsewhere. One of the attractions of the historic town is, of course, the river; and in the summer no more pleasant way of spending a day could be found than a ride down in the early morning, a midday spent lazily paddling down stream, and a spin back to town in the cool of the evening. The cyclist need not forsake his machine even when taking to the water, boats propelled by a similar means being often to be seen on the river. Among the sights of Kingston is the King's Stone, shown in our Snap-shot. It is situated at the corner of the Market Place. Here many of the Saxon Kings, from Athelstane downwards, were crowned. Kingston, indeed, is supposed by some to be a corruption of King's Stone, though others derive it from the more usual combination of King's Town. Be that as it may, Kingston and Surbiton are growing in favour as suburban places of residence; and they are most accessible by way of the South-Western Railway from Waterloo.

PASSING THROUGH KINGSTON ON THE ROAD TO RIPLEY.

The Wheelwoman (as her companion goes down): "Land sake, Sam! Am yo' much hurt?"
The Wheelman (cheerfully): "Not a bit, Dinah! I jes' fell on mah head."

NOT SERIOUS.

If you like Nice Little Dinners, buy the "HAPPY HOME." Weekly, 1d.

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SOLD IN BOTTLES, 6d., 1/-, & 2/- EACH.

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FOR ALL
BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,
SUCH AS
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Disordered Liver & Female Ailments.

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will not only dislodge it, but purify and sweeten the house in every part. Try a Quarter-pound Packet. Sold Everywhere.

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BRILLIANT GLOSS.

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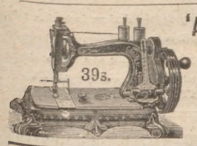

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TADDY'S MYRTLE GROVE

CIGARETTES AND TOBACCO.

Sweet. Cool. Fragrant.

TADDY & CO., MINORIES, E.

Langham Place, last week. The service was fully choral, and the ceremony was performed by the Ven. Walter John Lawrance, Archdeacon of St. Albans, assisted by the Rev. Sir Borradaile Savory. The brides, who were given away by their father, Mr. E. Meredith Crosse, D.L., of Newhouse Park, St. Albans, were attended by the following ten bridesmaids: Misses Mina and Mildred Crosse (sisters of the brides), Miss Hilda Cunningham (cousin of the brides), Miss Argles, Miss Hilda Garraud, Miss Daphne Shalders, Miss Louey Blackwell, Miss Mildred Clark, Miss Maud Baker, and Miss Helen Clark. A company of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps (of which corps Mr. Norton was late Commandant) lined the church. Upwards of three hundred guests were afterwards received by Mrs. Meredith Crosse at the Langham Hotel, where a selection of music was given by the Blue Hungarian Band. Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Norton started for Devonshire, and Captain and Mrs. Argles for the Italian Lakes.

Lord and Lady Llangattock's Only Daughter,

the Honourable Eleanor Rolls, was married on Saturday last, at All Saints' Church, Ennismore Gardens, S.W., to

Mr. John C. Shelley,

of the Scots Guards, eldest son of Sir Charles Shelley, Bart. The church was filled with a fashionable gathering, and the Bishop of Llandaff tied the nuptial knot. Six bridesmaids — the Misses Maud and Nora Shelley (sisters of the bridegroom), Miss E. Nevill, Miss Wykeham Martin (cousins of the bride), the Lady Margaret Villiers, and the Honourable Anna Lawrence—followed the bride. They wore dresses of turquoise crêpe trimmed with lace, and large blue straw hats adorned with Louis XVI. bows of turquoise velvet and white plumes. Lord Llangattock gave his daughter away. She looked very pretty in her wedding robe of white satin trimmed with mousseline-de-soie, embroidered in silver, and a long Court train of ivory brocade (which was carried by Master Alec Mackinnon, wearing full Highland costume and the Mackinnon tartan). Mr. Bell, a brother officer of the bridegroom, was best man. Lady Llangattock afterwards welcomed the numerous guests at South Lodge, Rutland Gate, S.W. Later, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Shelley left for Boscombe. Among the

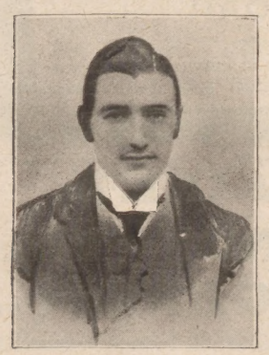
Photo Lafayette, Dublin.

MR. J. C. SHELLEY,
SCOTS GUARDS.

Photo Esmé Collings, 175, Bond Street, W.

THE HON. ELEANOR ROLLS,
DAUGHTER OF LORD LLANGATTOCK.

MARRIED ON APRIL 23.



MR. EDMUND WHITMORE.
AUTHOR OF "SIXES AND SEVENS."

MISS EVA SKIPWITH.
From a Photograph by Graham, Leamington Spa.

MARRIED ON APRIL 26.

numerous wedding presents was a large silver inkstand from H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

An Interesting Wedding

took place at St. Peter's Church, Cranley Gardens, S.W., last Tuesday, when

Mr. Edmund Whitmore

(the author of more than one drawing-room farce, the best-known of which is "Sixes and Sevens," acted originally by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier), brother of the Member for Chelsea, led to the altar

Miss Eva Skipwith,

only daughter of the late Captain Sidmouth Skipwith, R.N. The Rev. Dr. Ridgway, Vicar of St. Peter's, officiated. The bride was given away by her eldest brother. She wore the orthodox "bridal gown" of white satin and Brussels lace, her only ornaments being a diamond brooch and locket, the bridegroom's gift. Her three bridesmaids wore grey poplin arranged with white chiffon, and grey straw hats trimmed with grey and white plumes. After the reception, held at 24, Milner Street, S.W., Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Whitmore left for Torquay, where the early days of the honeymoon are to be spent.

A Fashion Magazine for Men

has come out, and I hope it will induce the stern sex to smarten themselves a bit. *Fashion* is most appropriately edited by "Beau Brummel, jun.," a skilful journalist who has endeared himself to many by his geniality and also from the fact that he is the son of the late Godfrey Turner, whose clever, active pen contributed greatly to make the *Daily Telegraph* the success it now is. *Fashion* tells the men "what the world is wearing," analyses "the actor's wardrobe," is abundantly illustrated, has a brilliant opening paper, "Coffee and Cognac," by Mr. L. Godfrey Turner himself, and is published for 6d. only at *Fashion* Office, 5, Argyll Street, Regent street, W.

Musical Friends,

I have had it on my mind for some time to say, will find much to interest them in "Musical Memories," an admirably written volume by Madame A. M. Diehl (Alice Maugold), who writes as charmingly as she used to play on the pianoforte when a remarkably pretty, fair-haired favourite of the concert-room. Madame Diehl's "Musical Memories," so delightfully set forth, range from the early 'sixties to the Queen's Diamond Jubilee year, and present vivid portraits of great composers, musicians, singers, and critics. The most sympathetic passages are those referring to that "great-hearted, generous-minded" gentlewoman,

The Late Elizabeth Philp,

the gifted song-writer, with whom, and with Antoinette Sterling, Madame Diehl enjoyed a refreshing Bohemian concert tour in Cornwall, narrated most graphically. This very readable book is published by Bentley, New Burlington Street, W.

Queen's Gate Hall,

in Harrington Road, South Kensington, having been renovated and beautifully re-decorated by the Proprietors, Messrs. John Searcy and Sons, confectioners to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, may be pronounced an ideal place for wedding receptions, amateur theatricals, balls, and evening parties at the West End.

MARGUERITE.

"**Mrs. Henry Peck** has sued for divorce." "What's the trouble?" "Her husband meant to write of her as his 'better half,' but wrote it 'bitter.'"

A Provincial Newspaper contains an advertisement of a dog for sale. Among the good points of the animal are these: "He will eat anything, and is very fond of children."

Jimson: "So old Mr. Brown is married at last?" Benison: "Yes; a furriner, I 'eard." "A foreigner! No, an English lady." "Oh, I 'eard as 'ow she was a Tartar."

The Battle Relics.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR FIREMEN HEROES.

[Carefully preserved at the Headquarters of the London Fire Brigade, Southwark, are the crushed and blackened helmets of the heroic firemen who lost their lives in the execution of their duty. Conspicuous among them are the helmet and hose of Jacobs, who, after saving the life of his comrade, perished in the flames; also the helmet of Ford, the hero of six rescues, and that of Lee, who saved the life of a lady and lost his own in a second gallant attempt at rescue.]

SEARED and battered, rent and blackened by the flame and burning lead,
Relics of a noble struggle, of a charge on death and dread;
Ay, of heroes who undaunted faced a raging mouth of hell"—
Eloquently hose and helmet the inspiring story tell.

We are proud of warlike trophies of the present and the past:
Of the trumpet that to glory cleared the way with stirring blast;
Of the flag that waved for Freedom, of the sword that led the fight;
But methinks these helms of heroes shine beneath a nobler light.

For those fights, though great and glorious, were for man's ambition fought,
To defeated and victorious e'er with grief and horror fraught.
Those were holy fights whose relics are the helmet and the hose,
For Humanity the struggle 'gainst its sternest foe of foes.

Torn and twisted, crushed and dented, living proofs of how the dead,
Breaking through the fiery vanguard to the thick of battle sped,
Not for gold, and not for glory, was the dread and danger braved;
Sole incentive, stern-voiced Duty; sole reward, the lives they saved.

Here the helmet of brave Jacobs, and of Ford and Lee are found,
Men whose names in Valour's records are with lasting honour crowned—
Men whose names unto my thinking should be linked with those who stand,
Pillars of a nation's honour when she rises, sword in hand.

Hose and helmet, flame-imprinted, form in truth a holy shrine;
For they prove that there is something in the heart of man divine,
Which o'er meaner passions soaring at a time of death and fear,
In sublime self-abnegation draws a world divine anear.

KATE BISHOP ("Kay Bee.")

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
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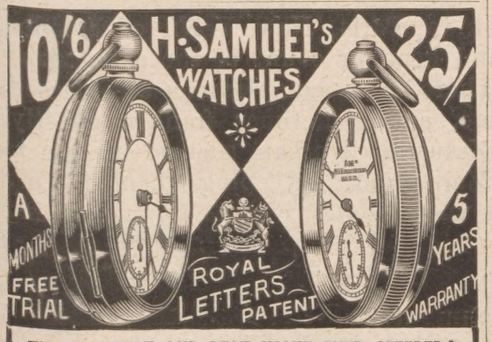

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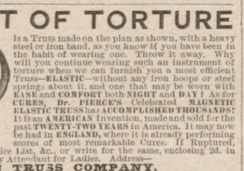

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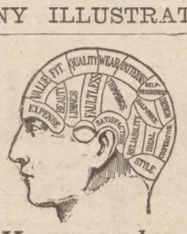

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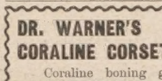

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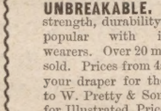

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HEALTHY YOUNG GENTLEMAN: Fine fresh complexion.
SICK YOUNG MAN: His face a ghastly white.

"No end of people whose skins are dull and characterless modifications of the tint which we miscall white. Some of these faces are pimply; some exhibit other signs of diseased blood; some show scars of a tint out of harmony with the surrounding shades of colour. The white man's complexion makes no concealments. It can't. It seems to have been designed as a catch-all for everything that can damage it. Ladies have to paint it, and powder it, and cosmetic it, and diet it with arsenic, and enamel it, and be always enticing it, and persuading it, and pestering it, and fussing at it to make it beautiful; **and they do not succeed."**

The ever-genial and amusing MARK TWAIN is entirely correct: they do *not* succeed, for painting and powdering, cosmetics and enamels, will never make the skin healthy and beautiful; but a really good and appropriate Toilet Soap will: to wit, hear what the greatest dermatologist who ever lived, the late

SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.

(President of the Royal College of Surgeons), has said upon the point—

"The use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the Skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. PEARS is a name engraven on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and PEARS' Soap is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the Skin."

And this opinion is endorsed by numerous other well-known Surgeons, as well as by innumerable professional ladies whose business it is to be beautiful.

PEARS' SOAP is sold throughout the world by all dealers in such articles, but to obtain it one must insist on having it, and not submit to having imitations or substitutions foisted on one for the sake of the extra gain thus obtained by selling the inferior article.

Ask for PEARS', and take nothing else.